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DIES IRAE.

THE following *English* version of the *Dies Irae* is a cento in trochaic 7s, collated from various authors whose translations of the selected stanzas are mentioned by Mr. Warren as among the best. The stanzas will be found under their several numerical headings in subsequent articles on the *Dies Irae* in these pages.

EDITOR.

Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla;
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Ah that day of wrath and woe,
When the fire that seers foreknow
All the world shall overflow.

(CANON BRIGHT, author of
Athanasius.)

Quantus tremor est futurus
Quando Judex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

O what trembling shall appear
When His coming shall be near
Who shall all things strictly clear.

(DEAN ALFORD, 1844.)

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

At the unearthly trump's command
Heard in graves of every land
All before the throne must stand.

(CANON BRIGHT, in *Athanasius*.)

Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.

Death shall shrink and Nature quake
When all creatures shall awake
Answer to their God to make.

(DEAN ALFORD.)

Liber scriptus proferetur
In quo totum continetur
Unde mundus judicetur.

Then the volume shall be spread
And the writing shall be read
Which shall judge the quick and
dead.

(ISAAC WILLIAMS, *British Magazine*, Jan., 1839.)

Judex ergo cum sedebit
Quidquid latet, apparebit ;
Nil inultum remanebit.

When the Judge His place has
ta'en
All things hid shall be made plain,
Nothing unavenged remain.

(ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.)

Quid sum, miser, tunc dicturus ?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus ?

What shall wretched I then plead,
Who for me shall intercede,
When the righteous scarce is freed ?

(ISAAC WILLIAMS.)

Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

King of dread, whose mercy free
Saveth those that saved shall be,
Fount of pity, pity me.

(LORD LINDSAY, the late Lord
of Crawford.)

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viae :
Ne me perdas illa die.

Jesus, 'twas my debt to pay
Thou didst wend Thy weary way ;
Keep me on that dreadful day.

(*Messenger S. Heart*, England,
1875.)

Quaerens me sedisti lassus :
Redemisti crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Weary satst Thou seeking me,
Diedst redeeming on the tree ;
Not in vain such toil can be.

(MRS. ELIZABETH CHARLES.)

Juste judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Thou just Judge of wrath severe,
Grant my sins remission here,
Ere Thy reckoning day appear.

(DEAN ALFORD.)

Ingemisco tamquam reus :
Culpa rubet vultus meus :
Supplici parce, Deus.

Sighs and tears my sorrow speak,
Shame and grief are on my cheek,
Mercy, mercy, Lord, I seek.

(DR. SCHAFF.)

Qui Mariam absolvisti
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Thou who Mary didst forgive
And who badst the robber live,
Hope to me dost also give.

(ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.)

Preces meae non sunt dignae,
Sed tu bonus fac benigne
Ne perenne cremer igne.

Though my prayers deserve no hire,
Yet, good Lord, grant my desire,
I may 'scape eternal fire.

(Office B. V. M., 1687.)

Inter oves locum praesta
Et ab hoedis me sequestra
Statuens in parte dextra.

Mid Thy sheep my place command,
From the goats far off to stand,
Set me, Lord, at Thy right hand.

(ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.)

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis ;
Voca me cum benedictis.

When the curst are put to shame,
Cast into devouring flame,
With the blest then call my name.

(DR. SCHAFF.)

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

Contrite, suppliant, I pray,
Ashes on my heart I lay ;
Care Thou for me in that day.

(MRS. CHARLES.)

Lacrimosa dies illa
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce, Deus :

Full of tears the day shall prove
When from ashes rising move
To the judgment guilty men :
Spare, Thou God of mercy, then.

(ISAAC WILLIAMS.)

Pie Jesu, Domine,
Dona eis requiem. *Amen.*

Lord, we bend to Thee for them,
Dona eis requiem.

(WILLIAM HAY, 1831.)

NOTES ON THE "DIES IRAE" AND ITS ENGLISH VERSIONS.¹

By the late C. F. S. WARREN, M.A., author of "Dies Irae," etc., and collaborator in the *Dictionary of Hymnology*.

IT is now, I suppose, considered as tolerably certain that this hymn was written by Thomas of Celano, a friend and pupil of St. Francis of Assisi, and one of the first monks of his Franciscan order of Minorites, founded A. D. 1208.

The purpose of this essay is to consider the translation of the hymn into English, and the many attempts that have been made so to translate it; and therefore little will be said on the question of its authorship and such kindred points, and at a dissertation on the nature of the composition as a whole no attempt whatever will be made. But for the sake of more completeness a few notes shall be put down from various sources on the former subject. For it is often vexatious to the reader of such an essay as this not to have before him short answers to all the questions bearing on the subject which the reading thereof may raise in his mind, such as he may not recollect at the moment, and such as he may find it wearisome there and then to rise and search out for himself.

Thomas of Celano, I said, is now generally considered as the author; though like all other celebrated writings (from the Epistle to the Hebrews downwards) whose authorship is not demonstrably certain, this hymn has been given to many; as to the great names of St. Gregory the Great, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, and St. Bonaventure on the one hand, and on the other to the little ones of Latino Frangipani, known as Cardinal Malabranca (he was a nephew of Pope Nicholas III); Cardinal Orsino; Thurston, Archbishop of York, who died 1140; Felix Hammerlein of Zurich, who will be mentioned again; Agostino Biella who died 1491, and Humbertus, a General of the Dominicans. But though the evidence cannot be here gone into, Mohnike, Daniel, and other hymnologists, are satisfied with that which gives it to Thomas of Celano, the Franciscan; dates disprove the claims of some, and internal evidence those of others.

Thomas of Celano died about 1255, and the first known mention of the hymn is by another Franciscan, Bartholomew Albizzi

¹ See Conference in present issue, "Dies Irae." (ED.)

of Pisa, 1385, in his *Liber Conformitatum*—which conformities are the conformities by stigmatization and otherwise of St. Francis to our Saviour, briefly summed up by Mr. Myers:

"O mate of poverty, O pearl unpriced,
O coëspoused, cotransfocate with Christ!"

Bartholomew states that the hymn was even then used in the Mass for the Dead; as would be expected of a Franciscan he praises it much; as would also be expected of a Dominican, Sixtus Senensis, two hundred years after, depreciates it equally.

The first printed book in which it is found is a Missal printed at Pavia, 1491,² but it is not of universal occurrence till the Council of Trent inserted it—after the ancient precedent—in the Mass "in Commemoratione omnium Fidelium Defunctorum," where it forms the Sequence, follows, that is to say, the Epistle.

There can be little doubt that the original form of the hymn is the seventeen stanzas given by the Archbishop of Dublin in the *Sacred Latin Poetry* (probably at present the best known source to go to for it), beginning *Dies irae, dies illa*, and ending *Gere curam mei finis*. But in other forms of it the hymn has a new beginning and two separate new endings; and of the latter one has the authority of the Roman Missal, and is not uncommonly attached. This is the two couplets beginning *Lacrimosa dies illa*, and the "Requiem"; but whereas the hymn itself is not known before 1385, these are found much earlier,³ and however soon they may have been added—it is possible that their author himself added them—it must be confessed that they spoil the close and can hardly have been part of the original composition. Mone⁴ would argue from this that the hymn is founded on others and is perhaps a kind of cento; but though he does quote a few lines of it from other hymns,⁵ these are not shown to be older than the *Dies Irae*; and the first line is of course a quotation—indeed a verbatim one—from the Vulgate, Soph. 1: 15.⁶

² Dr. Rock in *Notes and Queries*, 1st S., ii, 105.

³ Daniel, *Thes. Hymnol.*, v, 110.

⁴ *Hymnen des Mittelalters*, i, 408.

⁵ Several, for instance, are to be found in a *Psalterium de Nomine Jesu*, Mone, i, 343.

⁶ "That day is a day of wrath." Perhaps it is well to keep this word *wrath* in a version, for the sake of following the prophet as Thomas of Celano did.

But if these spoil the close, much more does the other ending, whose origin is pretty well known; it is the production of Felix Hammerlein, a priest of Zurich (who died about 1457), and consists of third lines added to these couplets, without the "Requiem" and five more very unnecessary stanzas to wind up; which may be found in Dr. Coles. Daniel, not stating why, gives but the first three of them, in which the only thing worthy of much notice seems to be the introduction of the name of the Blessed Virgin Mary as an observation—not improbably one, perhaps a chief, reason for its writing—

" Vitam meam fac felicem
Propter tuam genitricem
Jesse Florem et radicem,"

and the application to her of the title of "root of Jesse;" other instances of this may be found in Mone, ii, 308, 309.

The "new beginning," as I call it, is of less certain origin; it is what is called the "Mantuan marble," a copy of the hymn said to be engraved in the church of St. Francis at Mantua, starting with four stanzas before *Dies Irae*. But the church is much younger than the date of the hymn, there is no evidence of the date of the engraving, and Daniel even hints doubts of its existence at all; while from other sources the extra stanzas cannot be traced higher than 1594. The Mantuan marble also gives a new last stanza;⁷ both this version and Hammerlein's may be found in Daniel; and furthermore there are other various readings in different editions of the hymn, of which all of any importance—these are not more than two or three—will be mentioned in their proper places hereafter.

Now then to the more immediate object of this essay, the English versions of the hymn. I have collected, by the kind help of correspondents of *Notes and Queries* and the *Athenæum*, ninety-seven⁸ complete versions in the English language—practically, that, is complete, for two are deficient in one stanza; and two pro-

⁷ Dean Stanley appears to have considered the "Mantuan" version as the authorized one; using in his introduction to his translation (*Macmillan's Magazine*, Dec., 1868), words to the effect that "in the Missal one-third of the original is left out."

⁸ A remarkably full collection of versions for the period at which Mr. Warren made his analytic study of renderings into English. (ED.)

fessed fragments, the well-known one of Sir Walter Scott, and one by Dr. Kynaston; besides one stray rendering of the first verse only. Of these the great majority are in rhyming triplets; these again subdivide into three classes:

1. The trochaic eight-syllable triplet, exactly imitating the original.

2. The trochaic seven-syllable triplet, which imitates the original except in putting a single for a double.

3. The iambic eight-syllable triplet, single-rhymed of course, which varies somewhat from the original; but granting—which of course must be granted—the triplets, it is in my mind its best English representative.

Of the other versions some are in triplets, but in singular variations, one in iambic 8 8 10, one in trochaic eights with the third line rhymeless, and one in trochaic eights with the rhyme so irregular that I can find no principle in it, neither give of it any account; and one of the same with no rhyme at all. Of the remaining eleven versions, six are in couplets; three being in trochaic sevens, one in trochaic eights, and two in iambic eights; while of the last five, one is in 7 6 7 6, and the others in such as used to be called "peculiar measures," two in 8 8 6 8 8 6, one in 7 7 8 7 7 8, and the final one (most peculiar of all) in 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 5.

The first known English versions date from the early part of the seventeenth century: the first of all I believe to be Joshua Sylvester's (d. 1618). It is that which I have just mentioned in 7 7 8 7 7 8, and may be found in his translation of Du Bartas, 1621, p. 1214, or 1633, p. 620, entitled "A Holy Preparation to a Joyful Resurrection." There was another edition of Du Bartas, 1644 (Allibone), but there is no modern reprint of Sylvester as a whole, though some smaller poems are in Sir Egerton Brydges' *Restituta*, this not among them.

The next version,⁹ about or soon after the same time, is William Drummond's of Hawthornden, among his translations of twenty-one of the best known Latin hymns. It may be found in "The

⁹ The list of versions contributed by Mr. Warren to the London *Athenæum*, July 26, 1890, places Drummond's version fourth in chronological order, the second place being given to Crashaw (1646), the third to Patrick Carey (1651), while Drummond's is listed as 1656. (ED.)

Poetical Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden, edited by William B. Turnbull, London. J. B. Smith, Soho Square, 1856," at page 266 among the Posthumous Poems, which were "extracted (preface, page xii) from the Hawthornden MSS. preserved in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and originally selected and printed with a valuable memoir and notices by Mr. David Laing in the fourth volume of the Transactions of that body." It may also be found in Anderson's Poets, IV, 682; but in Peter Cunningham's reprint, 1833, of what he called "the whole of Drummond's poems worth preserving," it does not appear.

These two versions—Sylvester's and Drummond's—are remarkable, as they follow the "Mantuan marble."

They were succeeded by Richard Crashaw, whose version or rather paraphrase, in the *Steps to the Temple*, 1646 (called "In Meditation of the Day of Judgment"), is an exceedingly fine poem in couplets, of four-line stanzas.¹⁰ An Advent hymn abridged from it was published by the Rev. Charles Warren in the *Journal of Convocation* for December, 1854 (I, 102), and afterward used in a small collection of hymns privately printed by him—before the days of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* and kindred books—for the use of the parish which he held for thirty-three years. Crashaw was followed by Patrick Carey; then by "Rosarists."¹¹

In the same century are also an anonymous version in an Office of the B.V.M., London, Hy. Hills, 1687, which the kindness of Mr. Loftie has enabled me to procure, reprinted in "A Manual of Devout Prayers and other Christian Devotions, 1706, corrected from the errors of former editions,"¹² another remarkable and little known one attached to "A Paraphrase in English¹³ on the Following of Christ written originally in Latin by Thomas à Kempis 1694," which is in rhyming triplets of 8 8 10; and Lord Ros-

¹⁰ Of this it is said in Wilmott's *Lives of English Sacred Poets*, p. 317 (London, ed. 1839), "To style Crashaw's poem a translation is scarcely to render justice to its merits; he has expanded the original outline, brightened the coloring, and enlivened the expression."

¹¹ See *Dublin Review*, Jan., 1883, p. 59. (Ed.)

¹² No name of author, editor, printer or place.

¹³ Verse.

common's¹⁴ (d. 1684), first published in 1721,¹⁵ which has been several times reprinted, as in "The Divine Office, 1763," and is partly inserted in the hymn books of Hall and the senior Bickersteth. Its last two lines were the latest words on its author's lips (Johnson's Life); he is noted as the purest among Charles II's impure poets,¹⁶ and his version is good, though sometimes not very literal.

In 1656 Bishop Taylor writes to John Evelyn,¹⁷ asking him for a translation; but if it was ever done this has not been found.

It is worthy of note as an indication of the spirit of the time that within my knowledge no single version dates from the eighteenth century (at least till its very close),¹⁸ and the hymn appears to be more or less disregarded; it is told of Dr. Johnson that he could not repeat *Tantus labor non sit cassus* without weeping; but it is probable that except to scholars such as he was, the hymn was little known. Interest in it seems to have been revived toward the close of that century and the beginning of the present, in Germany by Goethe's introduction of it into *Faust* and Justin Kerner's into *Die Wahnsinnigen Brüder*; and in England by Sir Walter Scott's into the *Last Minstrel* (first published 1805)—

"While the pealing organ rung
Thus the holy fathers sung—"

and his fragment, imperfect as it is, almost instantly found its way

¹⁴ Mr. Shipley thinks the version attributed to Roscommon should rather be given to Dryden. (ED.)

¹⁵ The version appeared previously in *Miscellanea Sacra* (1696). (ED.)

¹⁶ Bishop Ken's opinion of these poets is no doubt given in the lines:

"Of all the gifts which heaven designed
To hallow and adorn the mind,
Sweet poetry has suffered most
By bards from the infernal coast,
Who in her beauteous visage spit

The putrefaction of their wit." (Twentieth Sunday after Trinity); and the two passages in which Pope's good opinion of Roscommon is given are, or more probably were, better known: *Essay on Criticism*, 726; *Horace* (II Epp. 1), 213.

¹⁷ Heber's Ed. I, lvi.

¹⁸ Mr. Warren amended this statement in the *Athenæum* list, which mentions a version in 1754 and another in 1780, the first in *Bona Mors*, the second in *Office for the Dead*, both versions being anonymous. (ED.)

into sacred anthologies and then into hymn books down to *Hymns Ancient and Modern* and Novello's Hymnary. The Rev. Louis Coutier Biggs says of it¹⁹ that it "has more of the spirit and tone of an English hymn than most of the more literal translations," which is true not of course altogether because it is Scott's, but because it is a paraphrase, and it is perhaps easier to give that spirit and tone to a paraphrase than to a more literal version. Though if Scott had been a more exact Latinist than he was and had had some knowledge of theological language, he might probably have made as good a version as can well be done. Of him as of Lord Roscommon it is related that the hymn soothed his death-bed—"we very often heard distinctly the cadence of the *Dies Irae*."²⁰

There is an anonymous version in the old monthly *Christian Remembrancer*, vii, 315, which is in some respects good; Lord Macaulay published his fine version (trochaic seven-syllable couplets) in the *Christian Observer*, 1826, though it was not again published till after his death; there is another in the same metre, too wordy, but here and there striking, by William Hay, Esq., in the *Bengal Annual*, Calcutta, 1831; and in the same year Dr. Husenbeth put forth a version in "peculiar metre" in the *Missal for the Laity*.²¹

With these exceptions, so far as I know, the present crowd of modern versions dates from the Oxford Movement of 1833, and begins, I believe, with Chandler's version in the *Hymns of the Primitive Church*, 1837, which appears to be the earliest in the trochaic eights, the exact imitation of the original. He was followed by Isaac Williams (*Lyra Ecclesiastica*), Caswall (*Lyra Catholica*), Alford, and Irons, 1848; this last version is now the best known from its insertion in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. But its notoriety is rather unlucky, since it cannot be called one of the best; and it is to be regretted that the compilers did not rather choose Isaac Williams or Chandler, if they must needs have the original double rhymes.

Among versions more modern still, some of the better known

¹⁹ *English Hymnology*, p. 9.

²⁰ *Lockhart's Life*, vii, 391.

²¹ London: Joseph Booker, 31 New Bond Street.

names are Dr. F. G. Lee (*Pocms*, 1850), P. S. Worsley,²² Archbishop Trench (first published in Mr. Fosbery's *Hymns for the Sick*), Dr. Schaff (*Christ in Song*, 1869; he has also made a German version), Lord Lindsay (*Christian Art*, i, ccvii) and Dean Stanley (*Macmillan's*, Dec., 1868); a supposed version by Dean Hook I have, though with his son's kind help, been unable to trace.

So far at this moment for versions of English nationality; of Scotch ones I have only seen two; that in the *United Presbyterian Hymnal*²³ is by Dr. William Robertson, and there is another by Dr. Hamilton Magill in his *Songs of the Christian Creed and Life*. They are perhaps fair ordinary ones, but not excellent; neither, as far as I can see, is there the least choice between them.

Under the head of Irish versions it may be noted, as many Roman Catholic versions belong to that country, that among these some of the best are to be found. It cannot, I think, be denied that the change of the Divine Office to the vulgar tongue for use in Anglican services has had its great share in the smaller familiarity with Latin as a spoken language exhibited by non-Catholics in England; and a Roman Catholic priest who performs such offices in Latin, or an educated Roman Catholic layman who follows their performance, can hardly fail to be more deeply penetrated with the spirit of the Latin hymns and this among them, than an Anglican who has not made them more or less of a special study. At any rate the fact is such, that some Roman Catholic versions are the best; and in the same way there is no doubt that among Anglican versions those produced by Anglicans are as a rule superior to the productions of those writers who hold Protestant and Puritan opinions. The reason of which seems to be not merely that Catholics are usually better scholars and probably more familiar with Latin hymns, but further that a knowledge of theological language and ideas does not usually go with Protestantism. Though—to digress for an instant—the converse of these propositions would perhaps be truer; to say, that is, that such study as I speak of generally leads men to Catholicism. A

²² Blackwood, May, 1860, *Poems and Translations*, 1863.

²³ This "Church," it must be remembered, is not the Established Scotch Church.

good Roman Catholic version, for instance, was published in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, 1875 :

“ Dawns the day, the day of dread,
Fast the fires of ruin spread,
David and the Sybil said.”

But I am afraid I cannot equally commend a rather extraordinary version in the “*Manual for Sisters of Charity*,” 1848, by Richard Dalton Williams, an Irish barrister now deceased :

“ Woe is the day of ire
Shrouding the earth in fire,
Sibyls’ and David’s lyre
Dimly foretold it ;
Strictly the guilty land
By the Avenger scanned,
Smitten aghast shall stand
Still to behold it.”

The metre is that used by Drayton in the *Battle of Agincourt*, and Longfellow in a section of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn* (*Saga of King Olaf*, xvii, *King Svend*), and with its hurried gallop is but a poor substitute for the solemn Latin triplets. Two other Irish versions may be mentioned, though not Roman Catholic ones ; but both are tolerable, the latter perhaps the better of the two : by Canon Macilwaine of St. Patrick’s in his *Lyra Hibernica Sacra* (Belfast, 1878), one of the latest in triplets I know of ; and by the Rev. Orlando Dobbin, LL.D., remarkable because I have been told by the author that he made it without having read any other in the language.

Among the American versions, of which I think I have between forty and fifty, the first place of mention, if it be only for the singularity of such an undertaking, is claimed by “*The Dies Irae in Thirteen Original Versions*, by Abraham Coles, M.D., New York, 1860.” A similar book was one published in Germany ; Robert Lecke in 1842 put forth “*Twelve Original Versions*” : of whom Daniel says (ii, 121) that he “rather vomited and foamed forth versions” than did them with any skill—*magis evomuit et ebulluit versiones quam subtiliter atque artificiose effinxit* !²⁴ Strong

²⁴ Compare a curious parallel in a note of Cornelius à Lapide on Prov. 30 : 1, which in English is to the effect that “they of old were called *vomiters* who spake forth a thing at the time and not by premeditated oration.”

words these of Daniel, and I had rather he used them than I; but they are not without their application to Dr. Coles, since hardly more than two or three out of the thirteen are of much value; some are very paraphrastic; and one is only lost in wonder at his facility in finding rhymes. One American version by Mr. Henry Macdonald I can heartily commend—it is as good as any version that I know; General Dix's, *Scribner's Monthly*, April, 1876, though inferior is not at all bad; neither is James Ross' in "P. M." (*New York Observer*, 1864); one by R. W. L. (*The Churchman*, New York, April 3, 1880), is also very good, representing the original far better than it could have been thought the metre of 7 6 7 6 could do; as thus:—

"O day of days of anger
When earth shall pass away
And all be dust and ashes
As seer and psalmist say,
How great shall be our terror
When He our Judge shall be
Who then each deed shall measure
In strictest equity."

In the translation of the *Dies Irae*—it being a postulate that the hymn *can* be translated in any proper sense of the word—the triplets may be considered as all but necessary to be kept.²⁵ Some of the versions in other metres, Crashaw's most of all, are fine poems, but they are not the *Dies Irae*; the triplets are associated with the hymn in that way that such a poor representation of it as our best version after all must be, must have these to have anything of the original's peculiar character: if it have them not, it may (as I said) be a fine poem, but it cannot have the indescribable grandness and solemnity which they give to the original; cannot be in short anything near the wonderful creation which the hymn is now universally allowed to be. There are probably few who would now think with a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* thirty years ago (1st S., ii, 142) that the hymn deserves not praise either for its poetry or its piety.

But while I speak thus of what is necessary in a translation, I must not be understood to recommend by any means the keep-

²⁵ They are used with a somewhat similar effect by Archbishop Trench in the "Day of Death."

ing of the double rhyme: the English language, though it supplies quite enough, supplies chiefly parts of verbs, participial and others, and words in *ation* and similar endings. And of all hideous things in poetry, a superabundance of rhymes in *ation* is the most hideous: ²⁶ how, for instance, can a man away with such lines as these?

“ Carceration, trucidation,
Flame and axe and laceration.”

Yet they are in the original form of Dr. Neale's well-known saints' day hymn, *Blessed feasts of blessed martyrs*; and another example in the same hymn is the unhappy line, *With affection's recollections*, of which it is a problem I have never been able to solve whether that be preferable, or Gerard Moultrie's *With devotion's deep emotions*. Another form of the double rhyme, the “two-word rhyme,” is also not good,²⁷ unless perhaps where the second word is a pronoun, and thus of the nature of an enclitic; such rhymes as *chorus, o'er us*, are allowed by custom, but on the other hand such as *Sion, rely on*, do not commend themselves.

The fact is that double rhymes, unless managed with such skill which appears to be beyond everybody's power, cannot be used continuously; and this of course at once excludes them from a version of the *Dies Irae*. They should only be used in conjunction with single ones, alternately or at longer intervals, and in the middle of a line not at all; and to most writers indeed poetical instinct has shown this, for I do not know instances of their continuous use in original compositions; in translation that mistaken lust of exactly preserving the original metre has overcome poetical instinct. There is in the *Lyra Mystica*, p. 49, a translation by Dr. Kynaston of the Prayer of Hildebert to the Trinity, in 55 couplets of continuous double rhyme: no fewer than 26 are rhymed with participles. In a word, double rhymes

²⁶ “Don't confound the language of the nation
With longtailed words in *osity* and *ation*.”—WHISTLECRAFT.

²⁷ It is luckily not common in the versions; though I have seen one particularly unpleasant instance of it by Dr. Crookes, of Philadelphia:

“Then the scroll shall be unfolded
Wherein's written *what each soul did*.”

always require the utmost skill in handling. Mr. Myers in his *St. Paul* and shorter poems in the same metre has avoided their dangers as well as anybody.²⁸

Speaking of them now with more particular reference to our present subject, one great mistake whereinto they cause translators to fall is that of too freely using the participle of a verb with the auxiliary instead of the verb itself; which Bishop Elliott²⁹ calls a sign of grammatical degeneracy: thus it is not English to say with Dr. Irons:

"What shall I frail man be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,"

instead of with Isaac Williams:

"What shall wretched I then plead,
Who for me shall intercede;"

and worse still is this by Mr. Hoskyns Abrahall:

"On the rocks to hide them calling,
On the mountains to *be falling*."

Again, they lead one to translate *Rex tremendae majestatis* by *King of majesty tremendous*, which is not a good line—*tremendous* is a word which has been so used as not to represent *tremendus* at all well. But the temptation is one which it seems difficult for those who use this metre to resist; eight or nine translators, Dean Stanley included, have got the line; one merit of Dr. Coles is that he has not. Of *bad* rhymes little need be said; when you get such as *aghast are, faster, and solemn, column, volume* (W. R. Williams), you are too much aghast yourself to proceed any farther. Here again Dr. Coles deserves praise; his rhymes, though often extraordinary in their choice, are, generally speaking, good.

This question, then, between single and double rhymes may, I think, be considered settled in favor of single; but there is another—that between iambs and trochees—which is not so easy

²⁸ In modern Latin composition too their difficulties are seen: compare the two versions of Neale's "Art thou weary" by Mr. Gladstone with double rhymes truly, but only alternate, by Mr. Ingham Black with continuous; the former is far the better.

²⁹ *Aids to Faith*, p. 464.

of settling. The trochees, of course, most closely imitate the original, as no doubt do the double rhymes also; but whereas the latter are at once excluded as (so it appears to me) contrary to the habits of the English language when thus continuously used, and further extremely difficult to manage at all well; these reasons do not apply to the former, and therefore the consideration of their more closely following the original may be allowed such weight as is due to it. For myself, I do not think that very much is due; I have already granted the triplets, and I do not think it needful to grant more. In these cases the original metre should be imitated more or less closely, but not slavishly stuck to. Here the necessary imitation consists in the triplets, in other cases it may be in other things. But I do not know that there is, on the whole, much more difficulty in writing a good English *Dies Irae* in trochees than in iambs; and so, while myself preferring iambs, I should say that the question may be left in the end to the likings and powers of each translator—there are excellent versions of either kind. Some difficulties in trochees of course there are, but they are more easily avoided than those arising from double rhymes. A chief one, at least to English writers, is that of falling into an awkward inversion, as where Dr. Lee writes *Offer what can I as plea*. Another, which we do not seem to have fallen into, though it may be seen in some American versions, is that of having to dispense with a definite article; Dr. Coles, for instance, writing *Trumpet scattering sounds of wonder; Book where actions are recorded*.

My farther course will be to go through the Latin by verses, examining what may be considered necessary to make a translation as good as possible; examining also thereupon such actual translations as shall seem to be, one way or the other, worthy of examination, and tabulating, where necessary or possible, such words and expressions as the different versions use.

But before beginning thus upon the hymn, properly so called, a few words may be said upon the Mantuan marble. It has been already stated that it is far inferior to the genuine hymn, and that only Sylvester, Drummond, and Dr. Irons have adopted it as the basis of a version; Dr. Coles, though he has turned it in his preface, not placing it in his text. Of this version there is hardly

anything to be said; the two former, as might be expected, are both written in strong and forcible English; and Drummond has one extremely grand line—grand for its simplicity, magnificent for its truth. This is it:

"Dies illa, dies irae
Quam conemur praevenire
Obviamque Deo ire."

"That day of terror, vengeance, ire,
Now to prevent thou shouldst desire,
And to thy God in haste retire."

How vividly this last line expresses the rush of a faithful man to prayer under some temptation or sorrow or disappointment, when he cannot bear it by himself and hurries to lay it upon one who careth for him; when, as Charles Kingsley once said, he prays *as if the devil had him by the throat*. (*Yeast*, p. 18.) Dr. Coles' rendering is different—"God to meet when He appeareth;" but it is plain (from the second line) that the older idea is correct.³⁰

COMMENT ON THE "NOTES."

THE professed purpose of Mr. Warren's essay on the *Dies Irae* is to deal solely with the versions into English of that monumental hymn. He prefaces his "Notes," however, with some account of the hymn itself, because "it is often vexatious to the reader of such an essay as this not to have before him short answers to all the questions bearing on the subject which the reading thereof may raise in his mind, such as he may not recollect at the moment, and such as he may find it wearisome there and then to rise and search out for himself." Mr. Warren obscurely suggests what Dr. Maitland openly declared in his *Dark Ages*—a fear that the busy reader of our days will not take the trouble to "see" such and such an author, such and such a work, such and such a tome and page of such and such an edition; and every reader of Maitland is grateful to him for the editorial energy that makes it unnecessary for the reader to "see" farther than the printed page before him. It is with a similar view to the convenience of readers that the present writer ventures to supplement the work of Mr. Warren. But he also thinks that the hymn is of

³⁰ A detailed analysis of the *Dies Irae*, by strophes, will begin in the January issue of the DOLPHIN. (ED.)

sufficient interest to Catholics to support a larger body of comment on certain of its phases, or on certain portions of its literary history, than Mr. Warren has indulged in.

I.—AUTHORSHIP.

The reasons for the ascription of the hymn to Thomas of Celano are partly negative, partly positive. It has been ascribed to St. Gregory the Great († 604); but it cannot be that such a masterpiece should have lain unnoticed for so many centuries; while the rhyme and the metrical scheme also forbid such an ascription. For somewhat similar reasons the ascription to St. Bernard of Clairvaux is an unlikely one. The text is found in a Dominican Missal (in the Bodleian, Oxford), written toward the end of the fourteenth century; and thus two other suggested names are excluded, viz., Felix Haemmerlein († 1457) and Augustinus Bugellensis († 1490). Cardinal Bona in his great work on the liturgy brings together five names of the thirteenth century.¹ Of these, two were Dominicans: Cardinal Ursino († 1294), mentioned by Benedict XIV, and the Dominican Cardinal Leander Albertus; and Humbert, fifth general of the Dominicans († 1276), mentioned by the Jesuit Possevin as the author. Attempts are made to show that a Dominican authorship is very improbable. Thus the Presbyterian Dr. Thompson, editor of Duffield's *Latin Hymns*, thinks "the Dies Irae is a Franciscan, not a Dominican poem. It deals with the practical and the devotional, not the doctrinal elements in religion. Had a Dominican written it, he would have been anxious only for correct doctrinal statement." It is somewhat curious, in this connection, to recall that Ozanam, in his history of the Franciscan poets in Italy, ascribes the poem to Innocent III († 1216). Internal evidence of this kind is not entirely trustworthy, and a stronger argument is found in a Dominican prohibition of the poem in Requiem Masses as unrubrical

¹ Leander Albertus Cardinali Ursino, ordinis Praedicatorum, adscribit; Lucas Waddingus Thomae de Celano, ordinis Minorum; alii apud eundem Waddingum S. Bonaventurae vel Matthaeo Aquaspartano, Minorum Cardinali. Possevinus in appar. sacro tribui ait Augustino Bugellensi Pedemontano, ord. S. Augustini, subdens ibidem, verum auctorem esse Umbertum, Vic. Gen. ordinis Praedicatorum.—*De Reb. Lit.*, lib. II, cap. vi.

(Salamanca, 1576). Sixtus Senensis, a Dominican writer († 1569) refers in his *Bibliotheca Sacra* to the hymn as an "uncouth poem": "Haec Augustinus, ad cuius sententiam perspexisse videtur auctor ejus *inconditi rhythmi* quem ecclesia in sacris defunctorum mysteriis decantat: Liber scriptus proferetur, in quo totum continetur, Unde mundus judicetur." Whereupon Julian, echoing Daniel,² remarks that "this points to a Franciscan origin; the old rivalry between the Franciscans and Dominicans, as is well known, was very great. Hence this writer's hostility furnishes a substantial argument." The force of these arguments is impaired, however, by the fact that the oldest known source for the text of the poem is a Dominican Missal written about the close of the fourteenth century; and while its most frequent use is found in Franciscan Missals, it is also found in the Dominican processional, Venice, 1494, and the Dominican Missal, Venice, 1496.

Among the Franciscan claimants, preference is given to Thomas of Celano, for the reason that he is considered to be the author of two Sequences in honor of St. Francis (*Fregit victor virtualis* and *Sanctitatis nova signa*), and there is therefore nothing improbable in such an ascription of authorship; and for the further reason that the earliest mention of the hymn is that made by the Franciscan Bartholomaeus Pisanus, who in his *Liber Conformitatum* (1385) remarks that the Prose in the Mass for the Dead "is said to have been composed by Brother Thomas of Celano." As has just been noted, the *Liber Conformitatum* was written in 1385. In Duffield's *Latin Hymns*, the editor (who contends with much zeal for the ascription to Thomas of Celano) bases his strongest argument on a curious mistake in the date of the *Liber*, which he writes, in the three places where he refers to it, "1285": "Thomas's claim to its authorship," he says, "does not rest on the weakness of rival pretensions. In the year 1285, when Thomas had been dead about thirty years and Dante was twenty years old, the Franciscan Bartholomew of Pisa wrote his *Liber Conformitatum*, in which he drew a labored parallel between the life of Francis of Assisi and that of our Lord. Having occasion to speak of Celano in this work, he goes on to describe it as 'the place

² "Habes pro hac sententia . . . vituperium Sixti Senensis, quod odio Praedicatorum in fratres Minores bene congruere videtur." II, p. 115.

whence came Brother Thomas, who by order of the Pope wrote in polished speech the first legend of St. Francis, and is said to have composed the prose which is sung in the Mass for the Dead: *Dies irae, dies illa.*' This testimony out of Thomas's own century is confirmed by . . ." The citation of the *Liber*, even in its correct date of 1385, is a strong argument, for it is the earliest source known for a mention and ascription of the poem; but it is needless to point out that its value would be so enormously increased if it but dated one century earlier, as to constitute it an almost irrefutable argument for the ascription which it makes.

Finally, all the editors refer to Luke Wadding, the Franciscan, who in his *Scriptores Ordinis Minorum* (Rome, 1650) ascribes the poem to Thomas of Celano, although he also mentions the ascription by others to St. Bonaventure and Matthew of Acqua-Sparta, both Franciscans.

From all this we infer that the poem was written in the thirteenth century—"the most interesting century in the history of Christendom;" that it was of Italian origin, inasmuch as its earliest use was Italian and also because of its "peculiar three-line stanza, which approximates to the *terza-rima* structure of their poetry, but is not found in poetry of the Northern nations, except in later imitation" (Dr. Thompson); that its author was probably a Franciscan; that amongst all the names suggested for the high honor of its authorship, that of Brother Thomas of Celano, the friend and biographer of St. Francis of Assisi, presents the most acceptable grounds for an ascription.

II.—SEQUENCES OR PROSES.

With respect to the meaning of the word "Sequence," Mr. Warren's implied explanation is not happy. In the Mass in *Commemoratione omnium Fidelium* the *Dies Irae*, he says, "forms the Sequence; follows, that is to say, the Epistle." It is true that it "follows the Epistle," but not immediately; nor is that fact the reason why it is called "Sequence." The Epistle is followed, in Festivals, by the Gradual, which, in turn, is followed by Alleluias and a verse of a psalm with an added Alleluia, or (as in Septuagesima time) by the Tract. In Paschal time the Gradual is omitted, and only the Alleluias and psalm-verse, fol-

lowed by an Alleluia and another verse, are sung. Anciently, the Alleluia, whensoever it occurred after the Gradual, closed in a long series of notes or continued melody, to which only the final vowel of Alleluia was sung. This prolongation was called "sequentia," or sequence. "Later on, however, words appropriate to the Festival were supplied to this protracted chant, to which the name Sequence was restricted. . . . By degrees every Sunday and Festival had its proper Sequence, until the correction of the Missal, when only four were retained in use."³ Pre-Tridentine missals have as many as one hundred such; but the general reform of the Missal ordered by Pius V eliminated all but the four most beautiful. These are: *Victimae paschali laudes* of Wipo (eleventh century), for Easter; the "Golden Sequence," *Veni sancte Spiritus*, attributed with most probability to Innocent III, for Pentecost; *Lauda Sion*, of the Angelic Doctor, for Corpus Christi; (*Stabat mater dolorosa*, of Jacopone, added to the Missal about 1727, for the Seven Dolors B. V. M.); and finally the *Dies Irae*, which, however, should scarce be classed with the other four, as it occurs in the Mass for the Dead, which has no Alleluia, and therefore should not in strictness be styled "Sequence." In mediæval Latin the words *sequentia* and *prosa* were practically interchangeable; the sequence being styled *prose*, either because the earlier attempts at sequence-composition were unmetrical, although somewhat rhythmical in character (and therefore to be discriminated from the strict *hymni*), or because, as Mr. Rockstro suggests, the rhymed *rhythmus* was not considered technically a *hymnus*, as it had not classical metre. The former explanation of *prosa*, which is the more common one, is probably the more correct; for Notker Balbulus, the first who adapted words to the alleluiatic neumes, wrote his sequences in rhythms of unequal extent, fitting them word for note to the neumes.

III.—LITURGICAL USE.

It is very probable that the *Dies Irae* was composed as a sequence for the first Sunday in Advent. "En effet, cette Prose roule en entier sur le jugement dernier, excepté l'invocation *Pie*

³ Amberger: *Pastoraltheologie*, Vol. II.

Jesu, qui y a été manifestement ajoutée, lorsqu'on l'adapta pour les morts."⁴ The seventeen stanzas of the Roman Missal text no doubt constitute the original form of the poem as composed by Thomas of Celano; while the remaining six lines—

Lacrimosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce, Deus!
Pie Jesu Domine
Dona eis requiem

—were perhaps added to the hymn to make it suitable for a Requiem Mass. This conjecture is strengthened by the fact that Mone⁵ found in a Reichenau manuscript of the end of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century a long series of verses or antiphons for a funeral service, containing this verse:

Lacrimosa dies illa,
qua resurget ex favilla
judicandus homo reus;
tu peccatis parce deus.

He found also⁶ in a Karlsruhe MS. of the fourteenth century these lines:

Lacrimosa dies illa,
qua resurgens ex favilla
homo reus judicandus,
justus autem coronandus.

Mone points out that these verses antedate the composition of the *Dies Irae*, one of them being of the twelfth century or early thirteenth, while both are evidently derived from some common type not yet discovered. Daniel (Vol. V, p. 110) considers such foreshadowings, as collected by Mone, of the *Dies Irae*, "consideratione dignissimas." Trench, in his *Sacred Latin Poetry*, gives the Roman Missal text, with the exception of the last six lines (beginning *Lacrimosa* and ending with *requiem*); but while this represents in all probability the original text, the Missal text, with the exception of its closing couplet, is usually given in full by such editors as March, Coles, the compiler of *Seven Great*

⁴ *Encyc. Theol.*, vol. *Liturgie*, col. 1054, Migne.

⁵ Vol. I, p. 406.

⁶ I, p. 404.

Hymns, etc. March includes the last couplet (*Latin Hymns*, p. 156.)

IV.—THE LATIN TEXTS.

Mr. Warren refers to two other texts, one of which—the so-called Mantuan Marble—prefixes four stanzas of introduction to the *Dies Irae, dies illa*; while the other, the Haemmerlin text, expands the four lines of the *Lachrymosa dies illa* into six, and adds five new strophes. The Mantuan Marble text is found in an old Lutheran hymn-book of Königsberg (1650), together with a German translation and a note declaring that the old Latin rhyme was found on a crucifix ("bei einem Crucifix") in the Church of St. Francis at Mantua. Mohnike (1824) came upon it in the handwriting (dated 1676) of Charisius, burgomaster of Stralsund, with the heading: "*Meditatio Vetusta et Venusta de Novissimo Judicio quae Mantuae in aede D. Francisci in marmore legitur.*" But Daniel (II, p. 118), who plainly doubts the existence of the "marble," thinks Charisius transcribed his copy from a *Florilegium Magnum* of 1621, which contains no reference to a Mantuan marble. Mohnike, in a subsequent edition (1836), refers to the *Variorum in Europa Itinerum Deliciae* (first edition, 1594) of Nathan Chytraeus, who gives the text with the simple remark that he found it among the inscriptions in the Church of St. Francis at Mantua. Mr. Warren contributed a long and interesting note on the subject to Mr. Shipley's article in the *Dublin Review* (April, 1883, pp. 374-377); and both hymnologists add a common note on the subject to the same *Review* (July, 1883, p. 243) correcting some points of the essay. We shall transcribe merely two paragraphs from Mr. Warren's remarks in the *Review* (April, 1883, p. 375):

"Father Narcisso Bonazzi, Maestro di Capella to the Bishop of Mantua, has, upon application, most obligingly written to this effect: That the Church and Convent of St. Francis were suppressed in 1797 (the year of the French occupation of Mantua); that in 1811 the church was desecrated and the convent was turned into a military arsenal; and that no trace of the slab can now be found, neither in the churches to which the monuments of St. Francis were removed, nor in the royal or civic museums of the town.

"Whatever be the origin of the text, it seems clear that it was not from the pen of Thomas of Celano. The style, and the otiose character of the additional verses, are enough to decide this. The few authorities who have thought otherwise (though

all of them cannot, perhaps, be called so) are Mohnike, Dean Stanley (*Macmillan's Magazine*, December, 1868), and one or two American translators of the hymn."

The Mantuan Marble.

Chytraeus.

Quaeso anima fidelis,
Ah quid respondere velis,
Christo venturo de coelis,

Cum a te poscet rationem,
Ob boni omissionem,
Et mali commissionem?

Dies illa, dies irae,
Quam conemur praevenire,
Obviamque Deo ire

Seria contritione
Gratiae apprehensione
Vitae emendatione.

Daniel.

Cogita (Quaeso) anima fidelis
Ad quid respondere velis
Christo venturo de coelis.

Cum deposcet rationem
Ob boni omissionem
Ob mali commissionem.

Dies illa, dies irae,
Quam conemur praevenire
Obviamque Deo ire.

Seria contritione
Gratiae apprehensione
Vitae emendatione.

Then follow the first sixteen stanzas of the Roman Missal text with but a few minor discrepancies (such as "Nil incultum," Nil inultum; "venisti lassus," sedisti lassus; etc.) with the exception that "Teste David" of Chytraeus and the Missal is changed into "teste Petro" of Daniel's text. The remaining stanzas of the Missal are omitted, and the Mantuan text ends with:

Consors ut beatitatis
Vivam cum justificatis
In aevum aeternitatis.

Is Thomas of Celano responsible for these four introductory strophes? As pointed out above, Mohnike argues for such ascription, while Dean Stanley and Dr. Coles appear to share his view. But it is incredible that the man who could write the *Dies Irae* could also have produced stanzas so lacking in virility of thought and expression; so replete with halting rhythm; so guilty, within such a small compass, of elisions (Cogita, anima fidelis; Gratiae apprehensione) and hiatuses (Ob boni omissionem, Vitae emendatione, Obviamque Deo ire). The third strophe is a poor echo of the Missal's first: "ex prima Thomae misere consuta et recocta," says Daniel, who further points out that the third and fourth strophes contain but jejune expositions of doc-

trine, and seem rather to maim than to sing the language of the Schools, "terminos scholae magis claudicare quam cantare videntur." Even Dr. Coles, who in his preface gives a new English rendering of the four strophes, writes: "That the abbreviation of the poem, by the omission of the four opening stanzas, adds greatly to its general and still more to its lyric effectiveness, there can be no doubt." He continues, rather mildly, to remark that "the rejected verses, partaking of a quiet and meditative character, impair the force of the lyric element." With greater vigor of utterance the editor of *Seven Great Hymns* rejects the additions to the Missal text: "There have been stanzas prefixed to the hymn and others added; but, in its great strength, it has shaken off all such spurious additions" (7th Ed., p. 49).

This last remark leads us directly to consider the "spurious addition" known as the Haemmerlin text. Felix Haemmerlin (or Haemmerlein, Latinized into Malleolus), who died *circa* 1457, left behind him MSS. amongst which was found a copy of the *Dies Irae* with additional stanzas which were, thinks Mr. Warren, undoubtedly his own composition. They were published by Leonhard Meister, a Swiss writer, who "put forward an absurd claim for Haemmerlein to have written the whole hymn." Daniel thinks the additional verses languid and superfluous: "Nemo non videt strophis quae ecclesiasticum carmen excedunt nihil inesse nisi languorem ac priorum versuum repetitionem" (II, p. 120). For the sake of clearness, it may not be amiss to give in this place the exact text of the Roman Missal in one column, and in another the variant readings of the other texts, concluding with the Haemmerlin stanzas. It will be immediately seen that wherever a variation from the "Received" or Missal text occurs, it is to introduce but a change for the worse; and that, as Dr. Coles admits, "in its present form, all is vehement stir and movement, from the grand and startling abruptness of its opening, to the sweet and powerful pathos of its solemn and impressive close."

ROMAN MISSAL TEXT.

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David¹ cum Sibylla.²

VARIANT TEXTS.

¹ Mantuan: *Petro*. ² The French missals (e. g., Paris, 1738; Metz, 1778) omit the third line and interpose between the first and second *Crucis expandens vexilla*.

Quantus⁸ tremor est futurus
Quando iudex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus !

⁸ Haemmerlin : *Tantus*.

Tuba mirum spargens⁴ sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

⁴ Lübeck Missal (1480) : *sparget*.

Mors⁵ stupebit at natura,
Cum resurget⁶ creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

⁵ Haemmerlin : *Mens stupescit*.

⁶ Haemm. : *resurgit*.

Liber scriptus proferetur,⁷
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

⁷ Haemm. : *Liber scriptus tunc docetur*.

Judex ergo cum sedebit⁸
Quidquid latet apparebit,⁹
Nil inultum¹⁰ remanebit.

⁸ Augustinian Missal (1497) : *censebit*.

⁹ Haemm. : *comparebit*.

¹⁰ Mant. and Haemm. : *incultum*.

Quid sum miser tunc¹¹ dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix¹² justus sit securus ?

¹¹ Mant. : *tum*.

¹² Mant. : *Quum nec*; Haemm. : *Dum*
vix.

Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos¹³ salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis !¹⁴

¹³ Missal of Venice (1479) : *salvando*.

¹⁴ Koenigs. G.-B. : *bonitatis*.

Recordare, Jesu¹⁵ pie,
Quod sum¹⁶ causa tuae viae :
Ne me perdas illa die.

¹⁵ Haemm. : *Jesum*.

¹⁶ Mant. (Charisius) : *sim*; Ven. Missal :
quia sum.

Quaerens me sedisti¹⁷ lassus,
Redemisti crucem¹⁸ passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

¹⁷ Mant. (Charisius) : *venisti*; Haemm. :
fuisti.

¹⁸ Mant., Haemm., Lübeck Missal et al :
cruce.

Juste Iudex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,¹⁹
Culpa rubet vultus meus ;
Supplici parce, Deus.

¹⁹ Chytraeus : *vere reus*.

Qui Mariam²⁰ absolvisti
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meae non sunt dignae,
Sed tu bonus²¹ fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum praesta
Et ab hoedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.²²

Confutatis maledictis,²³
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca²⁴ me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,²⁵
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrimosa dies illa
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus .
Huic ergo parce Deus.

Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.

(The Haemmerlin text, given in the opposite column, omits the last couplet, expands the preceding four lines into six, and adds five entirely new stanzas. *Die illa* for *dies illa* is unhappy as a change, for it creates a hiatus—something unknown throughout the text of the Roman Missal hymn. To say nothing of the languid movement of the added verses, the broken rhythm of *Esto semper adjutor meus*, and the forbidding pronunciation requisite for fitting *Sed*

²⁰ Metz Missal : *Peccatricem*.

²¹ Haemm. : *bonus*; Chytraeus et al. : *bone*.

²² Chyt. : *Statuens me parte*; K.G.-B : *Me loces*; Lübeck M.,; *Statuens me in parte dextra*.

²³ Haemm. : *Ne conjungar maledictis*.

²⁴ K. G.-B. : *Loca*.

²⁵ Haemm. : *a ruinis*.

At this point the Haemmerlin expansion begins, by making triplets of the *Lacrimosa* and *Judicandus* couplets.

Lacrimosa die illa
Cum resurget ex favilla,
Tanquam ignis ex scintilla,

Judicandus homo reus ;
Huic ergo parce Deus,
Esto semper adjutor meus.

The Haemmerlin adds the following :

Quando coeli sunt movendi
Dies adsunt tunc tremendi,
Nullum tempus poenitendi :

Sed salvatis laeta dies
Et damnatis nulla quies
Sed daemonum effigies.

O tu Deus majestatis,
Alme candor trinitatis,
Nunc conjunge cum beatis.

daemonum effigies to any rhythmical swing, alike plead loudly against any possible ascription of these added strophes to the author—whoever he may have been—of the *Dies Irae*.)

Vitam meam fac felicem
Propter tuam genitricem,
Jesse florem et radicem.

Praesta nobis tunc levamen,
Dulce nostrum fac certamen,
Ut clamemus omnes, Amen !

V.—EARLY ENGLISH VERSIONS.

The first known translation into English was that of Joshua Sylvester (1563-1618), a Puritan writer, translator from the French, and author of "Tobacco Battered and the Pipes Shattered by a Volley of Holy Shot Thundered from Mount Helicon." This title may not promise well for his translation (published in 1621 at the end of his translation of DuBartas' *Divine Weeks*), which, however, has the merit of being not only the first but the type for more modern imitation. Although perhaps well-known, it is not very accessible to readers, and a few stanzas from it will not be amiss in this connection. It is written in very curious metre—the first, second, fourth and fifth lines of each stanza being trochaic 7s and the third and sixth lines iambic 8s. In the first two stanzas is given a version of the Mantuan Marble's introductory four strophes—an example followed by Drummond, Dr. Irons, and Dr. Coles. The title runs :

A HOLY PREPARATION TO A JOYFUL RESURRECTION. .

Deare, deare Soule, Awake, awake,
Ah ! what answer wilt thou make
When Christ in glory shall appear ?
When Hee comes to take Account
Of thy Sins that houely mount,
By acting or neglecting heer.

Of that irefull Day to come
(That red dreadfull Day of Doome)
Th' affrighting Terroure to prevent,
Bleeding tears let heart distill ;
Right reform thy crooked will ;
But speedily Repent, Repent.

Then begins the *Dies Irae* proper, of which the first stanza will suffice for illustration :

That, That dreaded Day of Ire,
 Shall dissolve the World in Fire ;
 As holy Prophets have foretold.
 Oh ! What horror will be then,
 When the Lord shall come agen,
 Our deeds of Darkness to unfold !

Of Crashaw's version (in his *Steps to the Temple*, 1646)—"the earliest rendering of Dies Irae from the devotion of a Catholic"—Mr. Shipley says: "The version is rugged in character and irregular in metre, and is more of an imitation of the original than a translation; at least in some of its stanzas. It contains, however, much delicate play of thought and expression, in language and idea, and in certain parts is touchingly beautiful." Dr. Schaff, although a Protestant clergyman as well as hymnologist, declares that in strength no version compares with Crashaw's; and the editor of *Seven Great Hymns*, who prints his version among the seven translations selected for illustration, repeats the thought of Dr. Schaff, in the judgment that "no translation surpasses Crashaw's in strength, but the form of his stanza and the measure of his verse are least like those of the original." The first three stanzas will serve to show both the strength of the version and the wide limits of rendering which it vindicates to itself:

Hear'st thou, my soul, what serious things
 Both the Psalm and Sibyl sings
 Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp ray
 The world in flames shall fly away !

O that Fire ! before whose face
 Heaven and earth shall find no place :
 O those Eyes ! whose angry light
 Must be the day of that dread night.

O that Trump ! whose blast shall run
 An even round with th' circling sun,
 And urge the murmuring graves to bring
 Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

His rendering of the last stanza of the original hymn :

Oro supplex et acclinis,
 Cor contritum quasi cinis,
 Gere curam mei finis—

is not only pathetic and lovely in the extreme, but was clearly the

source of Roscommon's inspiration in the rendering of that stanza. Crashaw translates :

O, hear a suppliant heart all crush'd,
And crumbled into contrite dust !
My hope, my fear—my Judge, my Friend !
Take charge of me and of my end !

The Earl of Roscommon's version (if indeed it be his, and not Dryden's, as Mr. Shipley contends with much acuteness) translates :

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,—
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do nor forsake me in my end !

Besides Sylvester, Drummond of Hawthornden represents Protestant interest in the hymn, in the way of translation, in the seventeenth century ; and besides Crashaw, examples of the Catholic interest are : a version in the *Rosarists' Daily Exercises* (1657) ; one by James Dymock, Clergyman, in the *Sacrifice of the New Law* (1687) ; one (anonymous) in the *Following of Christ* (1694).

The seventeenth century witnessed eight versions into English ; the eighteenth—that century which, philosophizing itself into idiocy, finally “blew its brains out,” as Carlyle remarks, in the French Revolution—counts only three recorded versions ; and the British versions, beginning with Scott's fragment in the *Lay*, made in the nineteenth century, number fifteen before the year 1841—the year, that is, of the first American translation. Since that date, the activity in translation has been prodigious both in the British Isles and in America. It is to be hoped that a complete list of these may soon be compiled and published.

VI.—METRICAL FORMS.

Mr. Warren is nowhere more interesting than in the discussion of the question of the metrical and stanzaic form which translations should follow. Briefly, he considers (1) the rhymed triplet stanza necessary ; (2) double rhymes impracticable ; (3) trochaic or iambic metre a matter of taste—although he prefers iambic.

He thinks triplets a necessity for the reason that a version “must have these to have anything of the original peculiar char-

acter; if it have them not . . . it cannot have the indescribable grandness and solemnity which they give to the original; cannot, in short, be anything near that wonderful creation which the hymn is now universally allowed to be." Versions in other stanzaic forms may be, he grants, fine poems, but cannot fairly be considered translations. Sylvester's and Crashaw's versions, from which we have already drawn illustrations, were in sestet and quatrain form respectively (the latter being in reality, however, in pairs of couplets, as the rhyme shows). Sir Walter Scott's fragment is in stricter quatrain form:

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What hope shall be the sinner's stay,
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

Canon Husenbeth (*Missal for the Laity*, 1831) used the sestet, with varying lengths of verse:

The dreadful day, the day of ire
Shall kindle the avenging fire
 Around the expiring world;
And earth, as Sybils said of old,
And as the prophet-king foretold,
 Shall be in ruin hurled.

Dean Stanley (*Macmillan's Magazine*, Dec., 1868) used continuous couplets in sestet form:

Day of wrath, O dreadful day,
When this world shall pass away,
And the heavens together roll,
Shrivelling like a parched scroll,
Long foretold by saint and sage,
David's harp and Sybil's page.

So, too, Lord Macaulay (*Christian Observer*, 1826); "O" (*Christian Remembrancer*, 1825); Abrahall (*Ibid.*, 1868), who, however, has trochaic rhyming.

Dr. Coles has one of his many versions in couplets joined into quatrain form:

That day, that awful day, the last,
Result and sum of all the Past,
Great necessary day of doom,
When wrecking fires shall all consume!

A very peculiar metre for the hymn is that of R. D. Williams, (*Manual for Sisters of Charity*, 1848) :

Woe is the day of ire
Shrouding the earth in fire—
Sybil's and David's lyre
 Dimly foretold it—
Strictly the guilty land,
By the avenger scanned,
Smitten, aghast shall stand
 Still, to behold it.

Nearly all the translations, however, are in rhymed triplets, the trochaic metre having a great preponderance over the iambic (doubtless to secure greater resemblance to the trochaic feet of the original), although a large minority of the trochaic renderings have single rhyme. The first translation into trochaic eights was that of the Rev. Joel Chandler (*Hymns of the Primitive Church*, 1837). The trochaic sevens may be illustrated by the version of Dymock (1687), and the iambic eights by that of the Rosarists (1657). Their initial stanza served as a type of rendering of the first strophe of the Latin for many other translators. Both, as has been said, are Catholic versions :

Rosarists.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day
Shall all the world in ashes lay,
As David and Sybilla say.

Dymock.

Day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the world in ashes lay,
David and the Sybils say.

In a list of versions contributed to the London *Athenæum* in 1890 by Mr. Warren (comprising 86 British and 91 American) I find of triplet versions in iambic 8s, 19 British and 13 American; in trochaic 7s, 20 British and 14 American; in trochaic 8s, 29 British and 41 American. We thus have 70 versions in the exact trochaic metre of the original; 34 versions in trochaic 7s, the next nearest approach to it; and 32 in iambic 8s. As the metrical form recedes from that of the original, the number of translations decreases. And it thus appears that if "authority" have any weight as an argument, a version should be in the exact metre of the original—a view that Mr. Warren has, as we have seen, strongly combated.

In general it may be said that any translation should, as far as

possible to the genius of an alien tongue, imitate an original in its complete form. In the translation of a recognized masterpiece of literature, whose cadences have sounded in many ears through many ages, the duty of close imitation seems to be the more obligatory. In addition to this, the metre of the *Dies Irae* has not merely become, through its frequent liturgical use, a "haunting memory" in all ears; but it was singularly adapted to the emotional content of the "Hymn of the Ages." Guericke, borrowing from Fred. v. Meyer, compared the triple rhyme to blow after blow of a hammer striking, as it were, the innermost soul until it quivers with the repeated impact. "Who does not feel," asks Daniel, "how aptly the rhythm is fitted to the argument? how marvellously, like the resurgent billows of the sea, the verses beat against the ear? and, finally, what sober dignity the hymn gains from the ternary rhyming?" To him, every word in the grand hymn seems a thunderstroke—"quot sunt verba tot pondera, immo tonitrua." Dean Trench speaks of "the metre so grandly devised, of which I remember no other example, fitted though it has here shown itself for bringing out some of the noblest powers of the Latin language." Dr. W. R. Williams says: "Combining somewhat of the rhythm of classical Latin with the rhymes of the mediæval Latin, treating of a theme full of awful sublimity, and grouping together the most startling imagery of Scripture as to the last Judgment, and throwing this into yet stronger relief by the barbaric simplicity of the style in which it is set, and adding to all these its full and trumpet-like cadences . . ." Dr. Coles, a physician, appropriately compares the rhythm to the beating of the heart: "Underneath every word and syllable a living heart throbs and pulsates. The very rhythm, or that alternate elevation and depression of the voice which prosodists call the *arsis* and the *thesis*, one might almost fancy were synchronous with the contraction and the dilatation of the heart."

A more formal declaration is that of General Dix, whose version was made at Fortress Monroe during the gloomiest period of the Civil War. It is in the trochaic eights, for which he contends: "A production universally acknowledged to have no superior of its class, should be as literally rendered as the structure of the

language into which it is translated will admit. Moreover, no translation can be complete which does not conform to the original in its rhythmic quantities. The music of the *Dies Irae* is as old as the hymn, if not older; and with those who are familiar with both, they are inseparably connected in thought. To satisfy the exactions of such minds, the cadences must be the same." Morgan Dix, in his *Memoirs* of his father, gives (Vol. II, p. 236) several high appreciations of this translation (from Wilkie Collins, George Ticknor, Brantz Mayer, etc.), and among them one from Bayard Taylor, containing a pertinent observation which, as the strongly expressed conviction of a poet and translator, may be quoted in this connection: "I have always had a special admiration for the majestic poem, and have heretofore sought in vain to find an adequate translation. Those which reproduced the spirit neglected the form, and *vice versa*. There can be no higher praise for yours than to say that it preserves both. It has always been an article of my literary creed that the rhythmical character of a poem is a part of its life, and must be retained, to its nicest cadence, by the translator." Dr. Coles, eight of whose sixteen versions are in trochaic eights, admits the "difficulty involved in triplicating the double rhymes, owing to the poverty of our language in words suitable for the purpose, without practising awkward and inelegant inversions." Dr. Johnson, commenting on Young's thesis that the pleasure of rhyme arises from the sense of difficulty overcome, somewhat grimly says: "But then the writer must take care that the difficulty is overcome; that is, he must make rhyme consist with as perfect sense and expression as would be expected, if he were perfectly free from that shackle." Lowell, in the *Biglow Papers*, goes still farther when he makes Parson Wilbur counsel the young poet: "Unless one's thought pack more neatly in verse than in prose, it is wiser to refrain." Mr. Warren thinks double rhymes "extremely difficult to manage at all well," and illustrates his view with abundant quotation. The lure, nevertheless, is so powerful—as witness the large number of versions with triple trochaic rhymes—that a lover of the magical rhythm of *Dies Irae* will live in hope that the quest may not prove wholly fruitless.

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GLENANAAR.

A Story of Irish Life.

CHAPTER I.—“THE YANK.”

HE suddenly appeared in our village street, gorgeous, and caparisoned from head to heel in all kinds of sartorial splendor. He took away our breath with his grandeur; and people looked at him sideways, partly because of his dazzling equipment, and partly because he had a curious habit of looking one straight in the face, which is sometimes disconcerting. We did not like him at all, at all. By “we” I mean the villagers and myself. They did not like him, because he was stiff and stand-offish; and they heard that he was critical and censorious about our ancient and amiable customs; and he steadily declined all advances toward that friendly familiarity which we like so dearly. He was also an impenetrable mystery to a very inquisitive people; and what greater crime could there be? They had gallantly attempted to get at the secret of his life. It was an interesting, and even exciting pastime to a people who, having no particular business of their own to mind, are charitably desirous to mind that of every one else. But no! He declined all familiarity. He would walk with one of those amateur detectives for an hour; speak on all possible subjects but one; and leave the poor man as much as ever in the dark as to his own personality and antecedents. Nay, he was such a “naygur,” he would not ask the companion who had lent him his society for the hour, “whether he had a mout’ on him.” So he was decidedly unpopular. It was given out, after a long search, and many kindly insinuations, that his name was “Fijalar,” (our local interpretation of “Fitzgerald”), but that was soon discarded as apocryphal and untenable. And so, at last, he came to be known as “The Yank.” Once he was seen haunting an ancient moss-grown field, in which were two Danish barrows or forts; and the report immediately went abroad that he had dreamt three times running that a crock of gold was buried there; and he had come home to dig for the treasure. And more than once he was seen, some miles from the village, leaning sadly against an old, withered, leafless and

gnarled whitethorn, or smoking leisurely and contemplating the little square of grass-grown, nettle-covered field where were faintly outlined the last traces of what was once a human habitation.

I cannot say that I liked him much more than the villagers. He answered my salutation, "A fine day," rather gruffly, and once when I ventured a little further, and said cheerily :

"Coming back to settle down in the old land, I hope?" he looked me all over, and said, deep down in his chest, and without any attempt to disguise his irritation :

"Great Scott!"

Besides, it was not conducive to the peace of mind of our young villagers to see him, in languid ease, standing at the door of the hotel, morning, noon, and night. He was there at early dawn, when the mill-hands went to work. He was there at noon, when they returned to dinner. He was there when the six-o'clock bell tolled out for cessation of work in the evening, and the convent and church bells rang out melodiously the *Angelus*. And I knew well, that when the old men, with reverent, uncovered heads, as they repeated the prayer of the Incarnation, passed by that hotel door, and saw "the Yank," so well dressed, with such heavy gold chains and seals, and such shining square-top boots, they said sorrowfully to themselves :

"Ah, if I had only crossed the wather whin I was a boy!"

And I knew that the young men, seeing the same never-to-be-envied-enough spectacle, made frantic resolutions, that as soon as they "gethered" the passage money, they, too, would seek the El Dorado of the West. So in a little while I ceased to notice him, and set him down as a conceited, purse-proud fellow, who had little love left for his faith and motherland. It was not the only occasion when I was mistaken in judging appearances ; and in not seeing that there is a human heart beating in every breast, even though we cannot witness or count its pulsations.

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It was a Sunday afternoon in the late summer. There was a tournament in the Park. In past times it used to be called a hurling-match, but we are going ahead in Ireland, and we call things now by their proper names. It was a big affair,—the culmination

and critical finish of all the many local trials of strength that had taken place in the past year. It was the final "try" for the County championship between the Cork "Shandons," and our own brave "Skirmishers." There was a mighty crowd assembled. Sidecars, wagonettes, traps of every shape and hue and form, from the farmer's cart with the heavy quilt to the smart buggy of the merchant, brought in all the afternoon a great concourse of people, who were anxious to put down the Sunday evening in the best possible manner by witnessing the great joust of Irish athletes. We are no Sabbatarians in Ireland. Neither are we quite depleted yet. It would surprise any one familiar with all the modern, doleful jeremiads about the depopulation of Ireland to see such a smartly dressed, bright, intelligent crowd in a country village. And if he had any misgivings or doubts about the physique and pluck of "the fighting race," he had only to stand still, when the athletes stripped for the contest, and see in those clean-cut, well-built figures the nerve and muscle that go to build up an energetic and pushing race.

The sun was shaded under banks of great clouds, and shed a pale, clear light on the landscape, without the inconvenience of much heat. The great belt of trees to the west was just being dappled from its russet green by the first tints of approaching autumn. A light warm wind stirred their leaves. The cattle browsed calmly away upon the forest slopes. And there was a deep hush of expectancy over all these assembled thousands. It was to be a great trial of strength between two nearly matched clubs, in which grit, and wind, and pluck, and muscle, and science were to be put to their final test.

At three o'clock the teams were called to their places by their respective captains. There was a brief consultation with the referee, a coin was flung into the air, sides were taken, the winners turning their backs to the wind, and in a moment, one could only see that ball tossed hither and thither in the struggle, and a confused mass of men and camans, as they fought fiercely for victory and the tide of the battle rolled uncertain here and there across the field. And the combatants were curiously silent. This, too, is a modern characteristic, and a wholesome one. Instead of the whoops and yells of olden times, the words of fierce

encouragement or expostulation, the cry of victory, and the curse of defeat, one only saw the set faces and the flying figures, the victory snatched out of the hands of one, the defeat of the other retrieved, and the swift, tumultuous passion that swayed these young athletes as they strained every nerve in the all-important struggle for victory.

Not a word broke from that whirling mass, as the heavy ball leaped hither and thither, tossed by the camans from hand to hand, or rolled swiftly over the level grass, as some young athlete with the fleetness of a deer, tapped it on before him, until he brought it within reach of the coveted goal. You heard only the patter of feet, the light or heavy tap-tap-tap on the ball, the crack of the camans as they crossed in the air above or on the grass beneath; and now and again the screams of women and girls, who stampeded wildly when the ball was driven into their midst, and the fierce flying combatants, with heaving breasts and starting eyes, forgot their chivalry and carried the tumult of battle right in amongst their excited sisters. Indeed, the whole excitement seemed to be limited to the spectators, who cheered and lamented, encouraged or rebuked the silent athletes on whom the honor of the flag depended. One alone amidst the din and tumult of the field maintained a stoical composure, and that was "the Yank." He stood apart and watched the strife, as impassive as an Indian chief, apparently regardless as to which side victory swayed; and altogether taking but an academic and far-off interest in the entire affair.

At half-past four the teams were almost on a tie, the "Skirmishers" having two goals to their credit, and the "Shandons" one goal and some points. The final tussle was just about to come off, when it was announced that the local captain had been taken suddenly ill, and had been ordered off the field. There was consternation in the ranks of the "Skirmishers." Just on the point of victory, their hopes were dashed to the ground. They held a long and eager consultation; and finally decided to enlist one or other of the spectators, who had been members of the Club, but not picked men. These shook their heads. The issue was too important. They would not take the responsibility. Five o'clock was near; and the referee was about to give his final decision in

favor of the strangers, when, to the astonishment of everyone, "the Yank," throwing away a half-burned cigar, and calmly divesting himself of coat and waistcoat, which he carefully rolled up and placed in the hands of a spectator, came forward, took up a caman, tested it, as if it were a Toledo blade, by leaning all his weight upon it, and said in an accent of cool indifference :

"Let me take a hand : I guess I can manage it."

There was a general laugh. The "Shandons" were delighted. They noticed the grey hairs in his head and beard. The "Skirmishers" demurred ; but one wise fellow, who had been studying the splendid build of "the Yank," winked and said :

"Yes, we'll take him. Put him right inside the goal."

The excitement rose rapidly with this new event. The disabled Captain heard of it, and insisted upon being taken back to see the issue. No matter if he died on the field of battle ! "Where can man die better ?" etc., etc. The ball was once more tossed high, the victory swayed from one side to the other ; the cheers rose wildly and voluminously from the adherents of both teams ; until, at last, the "Shandons," pressing home for victory, drove the ball right under "the Yank's" legs. The foremost champion rushing forward to get it through the goal, found himself, he knew not how, about twenty feet away from the ball ; and then it seemed as if a cyclone had struck the field. At least, a straight path was cut through the swaying, confused mass of the combatants, who in some mysterious way yielded right and left. Disregarding all modern rules and regulations, "the Yank" had struck straight before him ; and with his powerful arms and shoulders had cut his way as clean as a swathe of ripe corn is levelled by the teeth of the mowing-machine in the early harvest time. He swept along quite close to where I was standing, and once I heard him panting : *T'ainim an diaoul*. Then I knew he was Irish ; and my heart went out to him. A few cries of "A foul ! a foul !" were raised ; but they were hushed into ignominious silence by the plaudits of the crowd, whose feelings of respectful aversion were suddenly converted into a paroxysm of unstinted admiration. "Go it, Yank !" "Cheers for the Stars and Stripes !" "Give them Hail Columbia, old fellow !" echoed on every side, until the whole mad tumult culminated in a wild Irish cheer, as

the ball flew swiftly over the heads of the rival combatants, and, despite the frantic efforts of the goal-keeper on the "Shandons' " side, passed out gaily through the gates of the goal. Just as the "Yank " struck the ball the blow that gained the victory, there was a wild, mad rush toward him; and under its weight he was flung down, whilst the whole human mass squirmed over him. There was a wild shout of indignation from the field, for he had suddenly become their hero; and it seemed like revenge for defeat. When they were raised, one by one, "the Yank " was unable to lift himself. A hundred willing hands offered to help him; and there were some angry threats toward those who had felled him. A few distinctively Gaelic questions were also put:

"You're not dead, are you?"

"Wal, no," he said leisurely, but with a gesture of pain, "but I guess there are broken bones somewhere, anyhow."

He was gently raised on a stretcher, and carried in triumph from the field. As the bearers were passing out the front gate, the captain of the local team came forward and proffered his thanks for the assistance given. He looked wretchedly ill, but he thought he had this duty to perform.

"Wal," said the Yank, in his own cool way, "I guess we did lick them. But, young man, you go home, and licker up as fast as you can."

Half-way down the street, an old man, looking sideways at the hero, said aloud:

"Begobs, there was nothin' seen like it since Casey the Hurler's time."

The Yank raised himself with difficulty, and fixing his eyes on the old man, he said:

"Say that agin, Mister!"

"I say," repeated the old man, somewhat embarrassed now, "that there was nothin' seen like that since Terence Casey single-handed bated the parishes of Ardpatrik and Glenroe."

"That was a long time ago, I guess," said the Yank, leaning back helplessly again.

II.—CONFIDENCES.

If for no other reason but because he had so gallantly saved the honor of our parish, I was bound to call on him. That little expression, too, *T'ainim an diaoul*, that escaped from him in the heat of the contest, was eloquent of much. It showed that there was a deep, volcanic fire of Irish feeling under that cold crust of his American manner. Nature will break out and show itself in spite of every kind of artificial envelopment. But I felt, too, that there was something in the man above the common average. I have a decided partiality for those silent fellows, who never talk, but somehow cut in at decidedly critical moments, and by quick, emphatic action, solve difficulties and end suspense, or compel that fickle dame, Fortune, to change her mind, and that, too, without delay.

I called at the hotel. He was in bed, badly bruised, but he looked as calm and imperturbable as ever. He received me with his usual coldness, answered in brief interjections my solicitous inquiries, chilled me, in fact, to the very marrow of my bones, until I was glad of the chance of getting away with the consciousness that I had done my duty. Then, just as I was turning away, he said :

“ I'm much obliged for your visit, Father. I do hope you will soon come again ! ”

That upset all my calculations. What a country America must be, I thought, when a poor fellow has to wear such a coat of mail of cold polished steel around him to cover his natural warmth and sincerity ! I came again and again. We became fast friends.

Now, I had become much fascinated by what that old man had said, on the day of our great triumph, about Casey the Hurler, because amongst my reminiscences of a thrice beloved curacy two refrains of popular ballads were continually recurring to lip and memory. The one was the chorus of a famous election ballad in those days when we had borough elections in Ireland ; and when fun, fighting and whiskey were the order of the day. The other was a more recent Homeric effusion, chanted outside my windows in later years when I had a more appreciative sense of

the value of ballad literature as enshrining the local history of the country. It was generally sung in strophes, and with two voices, male and female, alternately, both combining in the final line. It ran thus :

Then here's to bould young Casey,
Like a lion did he chase ye,
From the Galtees to the Funcheon,
From the Funcheon to the say ;
Sure neither Mars nor Hecthor
Would ever prove the victor,
When bould young Casey's hurley,
It went dancing through the fray.

"Bould young Casey" became a dim demigod in my imagination, because, although not too enthusiastic about Gaelic pastimes, I felt that this athlete was great, excelling, unrivalled in his own department, and that he was, in fact, a hero.

It was with no vulgar sense of a prurient and unchastened curiosity, therefore, that I introduced the subject to the invalid in one of our numerous friendly conferences by his bedside. I think that the man that picks secrets is a hundred times worse than the fellow who picks pockets ; and, indeed, it was with a certain kind of alarm I ascertained that "the Yank" was none other than the redoubtable Casey himself. I had a certain awe of him, as you feel before a great personage who has hitherto been to you but a name ; and I had also a dim presentiment that there was a story, perhaps a tragedy, behind this *incognito*. The secret leaked out in this wise.

He was complaining of the attendance at the hotel,—that it was not all a sick man had a right to expect, etc.

"Well," I said, "the waiter is a good fellow, except when he takes lemonade, which does not agree with him, because he says he has a 'wake' stomach ; and the doctor told him to avoid anything sweet. But it seems to me, if you will pardon the suggestion, that you need a woman's hand around you here, to tidy up things a little, to get your drinks, etc."

"Wal, I was thinking so, too, myself," he said. "But you see I don't like to offend those good people" (which showed that he was a gentleman in heart and feeling) ; "they have been very

kind in their own way. And then, well, your people, my good Father, are not quite—shall I say, methodical enough—”

I guessed what he meant ; and I flared up a little.

“As for that,” I said, “I can get you as neat-handed and as tidy a little woman as you’d get in Chicago or Boston. She is a poor little widow with two of the sweetest children you’d see in a day’s walk ; and I guarantee that you’ll like her.”

“Widows are dangerous, Father,” he said, smiling. “We’ve old Tony Weller’s authority for that. But where is she from ? From this parish ?”

“No,” I said, “not from here. I think she has come down from the hills over there near Glen-an-aar——”

I thought he looked frightened, because his eyes widened, and he got quite white beneath them. He said nothing for a while, but only shook his head. Then : —

“Let it drop, Father ! It wouldn’t do, nohow.”

Now, I marvelled much at this. I knew that Glenanaar was the Valley of Slaughter, and that a terrific battle had been fought there several centuries before the Christian era between the Tuatha-de-Danaans and, I think, the Firbolgs. Is not the mountain stream, amber, or wine-colored, or tawny, called the Own-an-aar, the River of Slaughter, to this day ? But what could that have to do with a returned American in the very last decade of the nineteenth century ? But I let it drop. He wished it so ; and there was an end of the matter. But we did manage to tidy things up somehow, even without the help of the artistic waiter.

One day when he was nearly convalescent, I said to him :

“You’ll be prepared for an ovation, my dear sir, when you are setting out for America. The people are so enthusiastic about your great feat that they will insist on inflicting on you some kind of popular demonstration to show their gratitude.”

“I hope not,” he replied. “I came over just to see things for myself and to remain quiet, and to return safe.”

“That won’t do, my dear fellow,” I replied. “They’re already chanting your praises by reviving an ancient ballad, styled *The Life and Adventures of Terence Casey, the famous Hurler*.”

Again he was much disturbed, and looked in a pleading way at me. Then, he got suddenly angry :

"Why the d—l," he cried, "cannot they leave a fellow alone when he comes amongst them? I suppose now, some inquisitive fellow has been searching and raking up all my past; and *it* will be flung in my face again."

I marvelled much at this sudden explosion of fury from such a tranquil fellow. I marvelled much more at the allusion. He saw my perplexity, and dissolved it.

"Look here, Father," he said. "'Tis your business to keep secrets, is it not?"

"Yes," I said, "some."

"All," he cried passionately. "If I thought a priest could blab about anything, I'd not trust him even in confession."

"'Tis quite true," I replied. "Whatever you entrust to us as a secret, will be inviolably preserved a secret, wherever it is spoken."

"So I thought," he replied. "Now, I want none of these folks to know who I am, or what I came here for. They have been ferreting around here the last couple of months to find out who I am. I can't see what the d—l it is to them. They have bribed even the unfortunate waiter to tell them the name on my trunk and linen."

"That's going rather far," I replied. "I always gave them credit for drawing the line at a man's letters and his own revelations. Inside that, of course, curiosity is almost a virtue. It really springs from benevolence."

"I can't understand that, nohow," he replied. "It seems to me that you folks would do better, if you would try mind your own business."

"Now, that's all your American prejudice," I replied. "Or rather your Anglo-Saxon tradition; for you, Americans, unknown to yourselves, are Anglo-Saxons. Why, I'm told that over there a man may be your next-door neighbor for twenty years, and you mightn't know his name, or what he has for breakfast. Now, I call that downright selfishness. You must be awfully afraid of each other, when you lock up every secret in that way. Now, look at us! If my mare casts a shoe, or develops a splint, every man, woman, and child in the parish knows it in twenty-four hours. If I go up to Cork, everyone is asking where I am gone,

and how long I shall remain away. And if I confess the least ignorance of what is going on in the parish from Glenanaar to Twopothouse, they won't scruple to tell me I am a hermit; and that I ought to be a Trappist monk. So, too, if a baby is born, we all want to know whether it is a boy or a girl, whether it is like the father or mother, when it will be baptized, what will be its name. And when a man dies, we all go to his funeral, and while away the time between our prayers by asking how much he left behind him, and who was to get it. Before he is settled in his coffin, every old woman in the parish must have a look at him, and a pull at his habit to see is the hood straight; and when the coffin is lowered to its last resting-place, there is generally a hot dispute as to whether it is geometrically arranged. Then all take a last look at the breastplate to see how old you are; some shake their heads, as if even in your grave you were not quite candid about your age; then with a final valediction, 'He was an hones' man; God rest him!' all depart satisfied with their own benevolence. Now, I call that Christian charity and kindliness, not like your pagan exclusiveness."

"Wal," he said, lifting up his hands wearily after this homily, "I can't make it out. You are queer folks over here."

"Maybe we are," I said, a little nettled, for nothing angers me so much as this affection of superiority on the part of people whom we could teach for the next thousand years. "But I tell you, you have a lot to learn from us yet."

"Wal, to cut matters short," he said, "*I'm Terence Casey!*"

"Casey, the Hurler?" I cried, amazed at this sudden impersonation of my ideal hero.

"Yes," he replied, "but you mustn't mention it even after I'm gone."

"Certainly," I replied, "your secret will be religiously respected. But—would you allow me to touch your hand?"

"For what?" he said, starting back.

"Only to satisfy my hero-worship," I said. "You must know, my dear fellow, that for over twenty years you have been associated in my mind with the gods of Grecian fable, with Ajax and Achilles, not to speak of the Mars or Hector of the ballad. Why, if it were known that you were Casey, I don't know what

honors would be heaped on you. The band would be out every night to serenade you; you'd have had deputations from every Gaelic club in the country; and I'm quite sure you'd be presented with an illuminated address on your return to the 'Stars and Stripes.'"

He laughed.

"It is a good escape," he said. "But, Father, I bind you to your promise of secrecy. No one must know who I am, and why I am here."

"As to the first part," I said, "'tis all right. No one knows who you are, or ever shall know, so far as I am concerned. As to the second clause of the secret, every man, woman, and child in the village knows what you came for!"

"No?" he interrogated with alarm. "What is it?"

"Why, what could it be," I said, "but to take back an Irish wife to the States? Why, every little colleen in the parish thinks that she will be your choice."

"The Irish are the devils painted," he said, sinking into the pillows.

"That's a matter of opinion," I said. "My own impression is, that they're angels without the paint. At any rate, I can guarantee you a score of young colleens here, any one of whom would do credit to the finest brownstone mansion on the banks of the Hudson or Mississippi. I'll go farther and declare that you might pick out one or two who would grace the parquetted floor of the White House itself."

"I've heard you saying these things, or something like them, off the altar, since I came home," he said. "But, of course, you exaggerate. You good Irish priests think Ireland the 'hub' of the universe. But these good people have guessed rightly, but not in the way they think. I came to Ireland not to lose my heart, but to get rid of an image that's there these twenty years."

"The only way," I replied, "to manage that, is to paint another over it."

He shook his head.

"Many and many a fair picture has been painted over it," he said, "but 'tis of no use. That face will come up through all. 'Twill haunt me to my dying day. Unless ——"

He stopped.

"Unless I can see it again, but that's not likely. I was hoping that she had changed, and that I might see the change, and be freed from the ghost of that face. Or, if there were no change, to make it mine own forever."

"Twenty years is a long time," I said. "Few are unchanged in so long a period."

"True," he replied. "That's why I despair."

III.—THREADS OF DESTINY.

Just around the corner, as you turn toward Buttevant, lived the little woman whom I had so confidently recommended to the Yank as an amateur nurse. She was small of stature, and somewhat faded in beauty, both by reason of the transforming power of Time and the more destructive agencies of trouble and want. Yet there was a strange, pensive look in her face, as of one who lived altogether in the past; and a tone of quiet resignation, as of one who had parted with the interests of life and was looking habitually toward eternity. This feature, however, did not prevent her from being cheerful, and even happy; and no one could suspect from the bright way in which she spoke that there was a deeper and holier feeling in her heart. You should come on her unawares to know that that steady gazing into the fire, or that abstracted look through her little shop-window, was that of one who saw all earthly things rounded in the circle of eternity. She was never seen on the street, except in the early morning, when she was the first to take her place in an obscure corner of the church to hear early Mass. Even then no one noticed her, as she glided through the street with her black shawl folded tightly around her and covering her head. She studiously avoided all village gossipers, and therefore was never implicated in a quarrel. At first this was resented as a sign of exclusiveness and pride. Then it was unnoticed, or noticed only to be respected. She had two children,—Teresa, or Tessie, the eldest, just breaking into womanhood; and so perfect a picture of her mother, as she had been in her youth, that friends who had not seen them for a long time used address her as "Norah,"—her mother's name. Her younger sister, Kathleen, was of a different type. For whereas

Tessie was grave, even to solemnity, and seemed to have inherited her mother's pensiveness with her beautiful features, Kathleen was so vivacious, so fond of being out of doors, and romping and playing, that her mother always spoke of her as "that Tomboy." Several times I was requisitioned to lecture her severely on these little indiscretions of youth, but somehow I always broke down in the attempt. Her look of demure gravity would disarm a more unrelenting Mentor; and besides, I knew she could quote against me several little lectures that I imprudently gave in school, to the effect that they should cram into their childhood years all the sunshine and happiness they could find; for that the skies would become grayer as they advanced in life and walked under shadows not of their own seeking. But they were both sweet children, as I told the Yank; and Tessie, who had passed through the usual curriculum of studies, was now learning such accomplishments as music, painting on glass and plaques, fancy needlework, etc. I have some specimens on my own walls of her beautiful handiwork.

They were extremely poor. The wretched little shop, with its window blocked with packages of Colman's Mustard, Cadbury's Cocoa, etc., did not realize in its stock these splendid advertisements. A few red herrings hung from the ceiling, and a few strings of onions. There was a make-believe of two or three gorgeous canisters, on which "Tea" was printed in crimson and gold letters. A few clay pipes and a dozen or two of candles completed its equipment. But they were never hungry. He who feeds the ravens had concern also for His children; and He who clothes the lilies wrapped these little ones from the cold. But it was pathetic to see how they strove to be always neatly clad. The efforts of the poor to conceal poverty are always pathetic. And it was only when you saw beneath the spotless pinafores the carefully inserted patch on the blue serge, or the darn on the sleeve, or the slightly broken shoe, that you knew how gallantly these brave, simple souls were fighting to keep up appearances under the perpetual friction and disintegration of great poverty. And when sometimes I expressed my wonder that under such attenuated circumstances they were able to survive, one word always solved the puzzle to that good mother's mind, and that was—God!

I am sure it was out of pure sympathy that I proposed Norah Leonard as nurse to the wealthy American. I broached the matter also to herself, rather in a tentative way, and in the hope that the Yank might change his mind.

"I was hoping to see my way lately to get something for you to do," I said to her, a day or two after my interview with the invalid.

"Well then, Father," she said, "I would be very glad. The nuns wouldn't mind Tessie staying at home a few days to mind the shop."

"Oh," I said, "Tessie is getting such a grand young lady now, with her long dress and her hair turned up, that we can't stand her at all."

Tessie was poring over a book on a desk near the window. She was bent down over it, so that the coils of her rich, auburn hair, so like her mother's—but there were silver threads among the gold in the latter's—were plainly visible. She blushed scarlet, for girls are very sensitive just then when they are leaving behind them the irresponsibilities of childhood and assuming the duties of the larger life.

"I'd just as soon," said her mother, "that she knew nothing of business. I hope God has something better for her in store."

"Business," I thought, as I looked around the bare and desolate shop. "'Tis a big sacrifice, indeed!"

"I tell you now," I said, "as I often told you before, that Kathleen will be the nun."

"Yerra, is it that Tomboy, your reverence?" said Mrs. Leonard, raising herself from the counter. "I promise you she has something in her head besides a convent. But you're spoiling that child, your reverence, out and out. You're taking such notice of her that we'll never get any good out of her."

"She's worth the whole box-and-dice of ye put together," I said. "Mark me, she'll have the veil on her yet."

"Wisha, thin," said Mrs. Leonard, "I'd make a present of her to any one of these nuns that do be coming here from Texas, or South Africa, or California. They're welcome to her, with my blessing."

I did not like this disparagement of my little favorite at all, and I told the mother so roundly.

"She won't go to South Africa, nor to Texas, nor to California," I said, angrily. "We want our best little girls at home. And leave it to me! You may call me Davy, if I haven't that young lady, snug and safe, in one of our best Irish convents before many years."

"Well, God bless your reverence," said the grateful woman. "I'll leave her to you and God, and she'll be in good hands, I warrant. But what was the situation your reverence was going to get for me?"

"I wanted you to go to the hotel and nurse the strange American gentleman that's sick there."

She started back in surprise and alarm.

"Yerra, is it me to be a nurse, Father? What do I know about nursing?" she said.

"You know quite as much about it as any other woman," I said. "Every woman is, or ought to be, a nurse."

"'Twould be well in me way, indeed," she said, with a little toss of her head, "to go fixing and bindin' and sootherin' a sick man. Maybe," she said, with a little stifled laugh, "he'd want to marry me in the end."

"He might do worse," I said, gravely.

"Well, thin," said she, "I'm not the woman for him. I got enough of that before."

And as the old, pensive look came into her face, the melancholy retrospect of the unhappy past, the spirit of humor and bantering died away, and left her but a woman of sorrow.

"In any case, 'tis all over," I replied. "He is on the way to recovery now, and will soon be off to America again."

"I hope he'll take a good wife with him," she said. "Sure the people say that's what he kem for."

"And you won't go?" I said at parting.

She shook her head sadly.

No wonder, poor thing! She had had some bitter experiences of life. If any one had told the young belle of the country-side, Norah Curtin, that she would wind up her days as a little shop-keeper or huckster on the side of the street in Doneraile, she would have deemed it an insult. And if any one had told her, on the morning of her marriage, that Hugh Leonard would lead

her such a life that she would gladly pray for her own death, not his, she would have called them ravens of evil and prophets of misfortune. Alas! it so turned out. Hugh Leonard was one of those worthless, heartless fellows that should be whipped at the cart tail as the women of Marblehead flogged the scuttling Captain. It was pretty well known that Norah Curtin did not care for him. It was whispered that her heart was elsewhere. But she married to please her father; and her young husband was so proud of his prize, that he vowed by all that was sacred in heaven or on earth to be kind to her beyond the hopes of woman. Alas! A few years and he tired of her, and all was wreck and ruin. He spent his days on the mountains coursing, and his nights on the river poaching. He would be a gentleman. Were not all the Leonards gentlemen? He was told that he had "demaned" himself by marrying a small farmer's daughter. He could not give up his gentlemanly habits. He was caught and fined heavily again and again. He laughed it off; and to show his independence, he appeared at every fair and market in the neighborhood in shooting-jacket and yellow gaiters. Then, their little boy, their only son, died; and what more cared Hugh, when he could not leave his farm to a "Leonard"? He became reckless, bet heavily on race horses, and lost. And, at last, he sank down to the level of a sot, spending his days in the tap-room of a rural public house, pipe in mouth, the bottle by his side, and the blackened cards in his hands. He speedily won the reputation of being the best hand at "Forty-five" in the country, and he was proud of the distinction. Meanwhile, the inevitable dissolution was proceeding at home. Broken fences, repaired with a furze bush, gates hanging from the hinges, cart wheels minus their tires here and there in the yard, thatch rotting on the roof, great rents in the slated roof of the out-offices,—all told their tale. Meanwhile, in came demand after demand for rents overdue. Leonard became indignant.

"How dared they? Evict a Leonard? Never, so long as powder and shot were sold," etc., etc.

"Bad — to you, you spalpeen," said a candid friend, "you couldn't hit a haystack with thim hands of yours shaking like collywobbles. Give over the farm to your wife, you fool, as you can't manage it yourself."

Then, one day the end came. They were flung out into the world; and with their wrecked furniture had to seek shelter in a half-ruined laborer's cottage. Some months of misery elapsed, during which the snug old farm ran rapidly to ruin. And then Hugh Leonard was on his death-bed. At the last moment he consented to forego his pride and sell the farm. But even in these moments his pride came uppermost and forced him into an injustice from which his family were yet suffering. For a "friend" was allowed to his bedside, who dinned into the ear of the dying man, that he should forget his devoted wife even in that solemn crisis.

"She's young and flighty, ye know," he said, "and you won't be cowl'd in your grave whin she'll pick up with the first galianter that comes across her. Tie up the money for your childhre, Hugh, so that she can't tetch it."

And so he did. Tied it up with all the red-tape and sealed it with all the sealing-wax the law would allow. Then Hugh, "Gentleman Hugh," as he was called in scorn by his neighbors, died. And it was pitiable to see that poor woman divesting herself of every comfort to have Masses said for his soul. It was years before the truth dawned on her. It was only the pinch of poverty that revealed it; as she found that the very interest on her children's money was unavailable for their support. Then the sadness of all her married life broke over her soul, like a torrent.

"Well, thin," she said to Tessie, when I had gone, "that was a quare thing intirely to come into the priest's head. He knew enough of me and me sorrow to wish me dead, sooner than married agin."

"'Twas his anxiety about us, mother," said the saintly girl. "We must keep on praying, he says. Sooner or later the clouds will lift."

And so this futile attempt, to tie together the threads of these two lives that had fallen into my hands was doomed to failure. But in the attempt I pulled open the cabinets of history, so long locked that their hinges were rusty; and saw there the parchment-scrolls of records that are now almost forgotten, and yet are worthy to be revealed. And if here and there, there are gouts of

blood upon them, I shall make them as pale as possible; and I shall try to smooth out the blisters left by human tears.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

Doneraile, Ireland.

IRISH CHURCH MUSIC.

III.

THE SCHOOL OF ST. GALL.

ALTHOUGH the meridian splendor of the Music School of St. Gall was during the years 860—960, the development of plain chant had been steadily going on in that celebrated Irish Abbey since its foundation by St. Cellach (Gallus or Gall) in the year 612—13.

St. Cellach was born of noble parents in Ireland and was placed at a tender age under the guidance of St. Columbanus, then a monk of Bangor, County Down. This was about the year 560. Strabo, Dean of St. Gall's and Abbot of Reichenau from 824 to 849, tells us in his *Life of St. Gall*, that the saint was one of the most illustrious disciples of St. Columbanus at Bangor, and was ordained a priest in 570,—having become master of Sacred Scripture, theology, and all the liberal arts, including music. He accompanied St. Columbanus, in 575, from Ireland, and labored in Britain and Gaul, and at Luxeuil, finally settling at Bregentz on the Lake of Constance in Switzerland. Here the two saints worked until the year 600.

All readers of ecclesiastical history are acquainted with the vigorous letters written by St. Columbanus to Pope St. Gregory, but the Irish saint wrote with the greater freedom inasmuch as St. Gregory was of Irish descent. I may be pardoned for introducing any reference to the pedigree of the great Pontiff who has given his name to the universal chant of the Western Church, but I feel sure that many readers will welcome the statement that St. Gregory had Irish forebears.

According to the *Book of Lecan* (written about the year 1390, by the Mac Firbis family), St. Gregory was descended from Cairbu Musc, son of Conaire II, Ard Righ (head king) of Ireland, who



POPE ST. GREGORY, REFORMER OF CHURCH MUSIC
DICTATING THE PLAIN CHANT TO A DEACON

Taken from the *Antiphonarium* of a Monk of St. Gall, Brother Hartker (cir. 990).

ruled from A. D. 212 to 220. His father was Craunfoltach, whose name was Latinized Gordianus, and the Irish annalists style the Pope *Grigoir Bel Oir*, i. e., Gregory of the Golden Mouth. As early as the year 634 St. Cumman *faeda* (the tall), Bishop of Clonfert, alludes to Pope Gregory *bel oir*, "of the golden mouth." The following translation by Dr. Todd of a couplet from an Irish poem by St. Colman Ua Clasaigh on the death of St. Cumman is of interest:—

" If any one went across the sea
To sit in the chair of Gregory,
If from Ireland, it was not meet for him
Except he was Cummine Foda."

St. Lugidus, or Molua, of Bangor, highly praised by St. Bernard, is said to have had a vision of Pope Gregory's consecration as Supreme Pontiff, on September 3, 590, whilst St. Colman Clo had a revelation of St. Gregory's death, which took place on March 12, 604. Moreover, the Irish of the seventh century were wont to call St. Gregory by the name of "Gregory of the Morals," referring to his *Expositio Moralis*, and he is quoted in two dozen passages in the *Collection of Irish Canons*, of the eighth century, edited by Wasserschleben.

Students of the Paschal controversy are familiar with St. Columbanus' letter to Pope St. Gregory in 600, and his epistle to the Gallican Council of Chalons-sur-Saone in 603, in both of which he defends the Irish tradition. In another letter there is a beautiful valediction, commencing, "Vale, dulcissime in Christo papa: memor nostri," etc.

St. Eunan (Adamnan), in an Irish poem published by Dr. Kuno Meyer in his *Hibernica Minore*, begs the intercession of St. Gregory Gin co n-Or, "the golden mouth." Several bishops and priests, including St. Alban, St. Colman, and St. Laserian, were ordained by Pope St. Gregory.¹ Thus, the intimate connection between Ireland and Rome at that period, and the Irish blood in

¹ An interesting confirmation of the truth of John the Deacon's statement relative to the couch on which Pope St. Gregory reclined when giving his singing lessons in the *Schola Cantorum* is afforded by an Itinerary which de Rossi assigns to the seventh century.

St. Gregory's veins must have resulted in a distinct Hibernian flavor to the ecclesiastical chant.

St. Columbanus (who addressed a letter to Pope Sabinian in 604) and St. Gall, owing to the Arian persecution and the jealousies of the secular clergy, resolved to go together to Italy in 611, but it was not to be. St. Columbanus proceeded alone to Bobbio, where King Agilulph gave him a ruined church and certain lands for a monastic foundation. This was in 613. In the same year he addressed a powerful letter to Pope St. Boniface IV in which occurs the following magnificent profession of allegiance to the Holy See: "Nos enim, ut ante dixi, devincti sumus Cathedrae S. Petri: licet enim Roma magna est et vulgata, per istam cathedram tantum apud nos est magna et clara."² St. Columbanus died at Bobbio, November 21, 615.

St. Cellach (Gall), in 612, returned to the priest Willimar, near the Lake of Constance, and after a short time retired to a hermitage some miles distant. Thus was founded the cell which developed into the renowned Abbey of St. Gall, and from our Irish Saint Cellach (*Sankt Gallen*) was named the monastery as also the Canton of St. Gall, in the valley of the Steinach.

From 613 till his death St. Gall attracted thousands of disciples who came to study the science of the saints as well as the liberal arts at his hermitage. Among the precious relics which he brought from Bangor were a Psalter and quadrangular bell. His Irish Psalter was translated into German by Blessed Notker *balbulus*, and his little bell—a facsimile of the still preserved bell of St. Patrick—is yet to be seen at the monastery of St. Gall twelve miles from Rorsbach, as is testified by the late Miss Margaret Stokes.

Whilst Bobbio was fortunate in being the depository of the Bobbio Missal and the Antiphonary of Bangor³ (both of which are now in the Ambrosian Library, Milan), St. Gall was able to

² "We are bound to the Chair of St. Peter, as I have previously stated; for, though Rome is great and renowned, through this Chair only is it really great and illustrious among our people."

³ Dom Baeumer, O.S.B., rightly points out that we have in the Bangor Antiphonary one of the most important liturgical works in the early Christian Church, evidencing a pre-Benedictine *cursus*.

secure the *Irish Psalter* and the *Irish Bell*. However, St. Columbanus lived only a year at Bobbio, leaving his *Rule* to his disciples, whereas St. Gall was spared for over twenty years to teach the numerous disciples that were attracted to the Lake of Constance by the fame of the Irish saint. This great monk from Bangor passed away on October 16, 635 (some say 625), in extreme old age, leaving an enduring monument, *aere perennius*, in the world-renowned music-school, "the wonder and delight of Europe."

Walafrid Strabo (807-849), the biographer of St. Gall, highly praises our Irish saint. This is the same writer who praises the work of Pope St. Gregory in compiling the *Antiphonale Missarum*, and who tells of the inscription at the head of the Antiphonarium, a prologue written by Pope Adrian I (772-795) as follows:

"Gregorius Praesul meritis et nomini dignus
Unde genus ducit, summum ascendit honorem.
Renovavit monumenta patrum priorum: *tunc*
Composuit hunc libellum musicae artis
Scholae Cantorum anni circuli: Ad te levavi."

Here it may be added that the ascription of the Antiphoner to Pope St. Gregory goes back to the middle of the seventh century;⁴ whilst there are several references at the close of the same century testifying to the fact that Bishop Putta, of Rochester, and Bishop Acca, of Hexham, were wont to sing "according to the Roman style taught by the disciples of Saint Gregory."

Two other Irish monks who had accompanied St. Columbanus and St. Gall from Ireland need a passing word. St. Dicuil (Deicola or Dichullus) founded the monastery of Lure, of which he became first abbot. He was a half-brother of St. Gall, and settled some miles from Luxeuil, and died February 15, 639. St. Manghnol shared the labors of St. Gall, and in 636 founded two monasteries in Germany,—one at Campden, and the other at Fuessen, at the foot of the Alps, at the latter of which he died in September, 640, aged 73 years. Abbot Jonas, of Luxeuil, the

⁴ It is surprising to find Professor Dickinson, of Oberlin College, in his otherwise excellent compilation, *Music in the History of the Western Church* (1902), stating that, save for the passing allusion by Pope Adrian, John the Deacon, in 872, originated the legend about the Gregorian tradition.

biographer of St. Columbanus, is also regarded as an Irishman by Trithemius, Arnold Wion, Molanus, and Ware. He composed some hymns, set to airs, which he had heard sung by St. Columbanus and St. Gall.⁵

Ireland can also claim the musical setting of the Lamentations of Jeremias, which were written in the Abbey of Jarrow, in 704, and were presented to Pope St. Gregory II in 716. It is too frequently forgotten that Irish bishops ruled Northumbria from 634-686, and sedulously cultivated music. St. Egbert (a namesake of the Archbishop of York) was educated in Ireland, at the monastery of Rathmael, near Ballina, County Mayo, as was also the great St. Chad, Bishop of Lichfield (672). At the suggestion of Egbert, the future Apostle of the Frisians, St. Willibroed (who spent ten years studying in Ireland) went forth to win souls to God.

At Reichenau, founded by our Irish St. Pirminius in 724, plain chant was a feature, and Mone prints a hymn from a manuscript of the eighth century which belonged to this Irish Abbey.

It is well known that Pope St. Gregory II (715-731) effected some improvements in the liturgic music books, borrowing the material for the Thursday Offices of Lent from the older melodies, mostly from the Masses for the Sundays after Pentecost,—words and music being taken from the *Antiphonale Missarum* of his more celebrated namesake.

In my first article I alluded to Shiel (Sedulius), the Christian Virgil of the fifth century, who was so appreciated by Pope Gelasius that his Introit of the Mass of the Blessed Virgin was inserted in the Roman Missal—the words of which Introit are taken from the *Carmen Paschale*. I shall now briefly refer to another Shiel, or Sedulius the Younger.

At a Council held by Pope St. Gregory II, at Rome, on April 5, 721, Sedulius' name appears as present. He was a bishop in Britain, but takes care to subscribe himself as an Irishman, "de genere Scotorum." He must not be confounded with a third namesake, Sedulius, the Irish commentator, who flourished in the first quarter of the ninth century.

⁵ Miss Margaret Stokes gives the names of sixty-three Irish monks and their disciples who adopted the Columban rule of Luxeuil.

IN DIE NATIVITATIS DÑI

STI AD SCM PETRIM

PUER NATV EST NOBIS

P Cantare dñō 11 ADR. Nōm̄m̄ secr̄

R̄g Viderūm̄ om̄ nēs fines ter

rae salutare de 2 noscē

inbilate deo om̄ nīs ter

V Nōm̄m̄ secr̄

do m̄

nīs saluare re suum anxē

conspectum gentium re uola ur̄

ad te tuam suam.

Alleluia

INTROIT OF THE THIRD CHRISTMAS MASS

Facsimile of a Portion of the *Antiphonarium* of St. Gregory belonging to the Monastery of St. Gall (A. D. 790).

Egbert, Archbishop of York, received the pallium from Pope St. Gregory III, in 735, and was acquainted with St. Colgu the Wise, of Clonmacnoise. He assisted at the English Synod of Clovesho, in 747, when the following Canon was passed relative to Church Music: "Ut uno eodemque modo Dominicae in carne sacrosanctae festivitatis in omnibus ad eas rite competentibus . . . in cantilenae modo celebrentur, juxta exemplar quod scriptum de Romana habemus Ecclesia."⁶

St. Fergil (Virgilius), Abbot of Aghaboe, went to France in 742, and finally became Archbishop of Salzburg, which see he ruled from 767 till his death in November, 789. He was a skilled scientific musician as well as mathematician and astronomer.

Another Irish astronomer-musician was Dungal, the friend of Charlemagne, who flourished in the years 810-830. At his death at Bobbio, in 834, he left to that Irish monastery his library, including *three fine Antiphonaries*, which are now in the Ambrosian Library, Milan. One of these Antiphonaries contains a hymn in honor of St. Patrick.⁷

Pope Adrian (771-795) revised the Gregorian Antiphonary and did much to bring into uniformity the singing of plain chant. He was visited by the Emperor Charlemagne at Eastertide of the year 787, and the result was that the king determined to have the Roman chant adopted throughout his dominions. Accordingly, in 788, or 789, Pope Adrian sent two Roman cantors to Charlemagne, each provided with an authentic copy of the Gregorian Antiphonary. The names of these chosen cantors were Peter and Romanus, and they decided to travel to Metz *via* the Abbey of St. Gall. Here we have a satisfactory proof of the then fame of the singing at St. Gall. No doubt the two cantors were anxious to listen to the glorious Irish psalmody as traditionally taught at St. Gall from the days of St. Cellach. As Romanus fell ill after arriving, and got charmed with the whole surroundings of the Irish Abbey, the monks obtained permission from Charlemagne to have him remain permanently at St. Gall, and to keep the Roman

⁶ Hadden and Stubbs' *Councils*, etc., Vol. III, p. 367.

⁷ Dungal was an Irish monk of St. Denis, and, in 827, he wrote his crushing reply to Claudius, the heretical bishop of Turin, by far the ablest refutation of Iconoclasm.

Antiphonary.³ Thus, in the year 790, Romanus settled at St. Gall, and to him is due the "Romanian" system of Neumatic Notation, afterwards developed by Blessed Notker *balbulus*.

Meantime, Peter went on to Metz, and established in that city a flourishing school of psalmody, but in no way equal to that of St. Gall. However, the Roman Antiphonary at Metz was considerably altered by Amalarius of Metz (815-835), who made a successful effort to modify the existing Gallican chant books so as to be in conformity with the Roman Antiphonaries.

Through the efforts of Charlemagne, the Council of Aachen, in 803, as Père Schubiger writes, passed a canon enjoining the Roman form of plain chant on all monasteries; and a subsequent decree was issued ordering the monks to render the Gregorian melodies in full and in due order at the Canonical Hours, whether by day or night. Nor was this Gregorian reform in aught abrogated on the death of Charlemagne, in 814. Louis the Debonair, in 820, commissioned Amalarius of Metz to procure from Pope St. Paschal I a copy of the Gregorian Antiphonary, but the Pope informed him, as we read in his *De Divinis Officiis*, that a copy (with three other volumes) had been sent to France by Wala, Abbot of Corbie. Amalarius found the four codices at Corbie, and from these he compiled what he considered correct versions, "retaining whatever was best."

In 821, King Louis issued an ordinance to the Irish monks of St. Gall regarding the due celebration of daily Mass and the choral rendering of the Canonical Hours. This rescript was freely observed, and St. Gall revived its former prestige as a centre of incomparable psalmody. The glories of Bangor—which monastery was ravaged by the Danes in 825—were revived at St. Gall in 840, when the Irish monk Grimoald—the continental form of *Crunmael*, a once very popular Christian name in Ireland—was appointed Abbot.

Although music was the great feature of St. Gall's, literature was by no means neglected. Indeed, to the Irish scribes at St. Gall we owe the preservation of priceless manuscripts of the

³ This valuable *Antiphonarium* is still at St. Gall. It was exhibited at the South Kensington Exhibition, London, in 1885, and was examined by the present writer.

seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries. It was mainly from the glosses of the Irish manuscripts at St. Gall, dating from 650-900, that Zeuss deduced the rules which formed the basis of his *Grammatica Celtica*, in 1853. These glosses incontestably prove that part-singing was known to the Irish of the seventh century. Dr. Sigerson, in his *Bards of the Gael and Gall*, gives us a charming translation of "The Blackbird's Song," written in Irish by an Irish monk of St. Gall, about the year 850, and published by Nigra in 1872.

Ekkhard, the historian of St. Gall, who wrote in the year 1036, says: "Moengal came from Rome to the abbey of St. Gall in company with his uncle Mark, to visit their countryman Grimoald, who was elected Abbot of that monastery about the year 840." Thus we learn that Moengal, Mark, and Grimoald were Irish monks, and the two former had been to Rome to visit Pope Gregory IV. Moengal was a favorite name in Ireland, and a namesake of the St. Gall monk was Abbot of Bangor in 850. However, like most of the Irish names, it was Latinized as "Marcellus," just as Crunmael was transformed into Grimoald. Moengal and Mark were subsequently gladdened by the arrival of another Irishman, Tuathal, whose name was changed to Tutilo. The Blessed Notker *balbulus* was delighted at the zeal of the Irish monks in cultivating psalmody and in preserving the true traditional rendering of the plain chant melodies, especially as Pope St. Leo IV (847-855) was most anxious to have the Gregorian tradition observed throughout the Universal Church.

Meantime, the Irish monks were *the first in Europe* to introduce the free Organum of the Fourth, a development of the strict organum, in part singing, and it is alluded to by the great Irish philosopher John Scotus Erigena, in his tract *De Divisione Naturae*, written about the year 863. Professor Wooldridge, in the *Oxford History of Music* (1901), says that Erigena's allusion to free organum antedates by 150 years the reference to it in the *Scholia Euchariadis* and the *Musica Euchariadis*.

Incidentally, I may observe that John Scotus Erigena, the pioneer of the schoolmen, was not a heretic, as some persons believe. His theological tenets were upheld by a Synod in 860, and his learning is lauded by Anastasius. As a Greek scholar he was the foremost in Europe, and he had mastered all the in-

tricacies of scientific music, as is amply evident from his tract, a reprint of which will be found in Migne's *Patrology*.⁹ His fame, in a sense, adds lustre to the Abbey of St. Gall, because an old English chronicler describes him as "the friend and companion of St. Grimoald."

In 855, Blessed Notker *balbulus* of St. Gall perfected the Romanian notation, that is, the improved system of neumatic writing taught by Romanus. In this Romanian notation, marks of expression, *e.g.*, *levatur* (higher), *jusum* (lower), *celeriter* (quickly), *bene tene* (*tenuto*), etc., were employed. However, he is best known as the inventor of Sequences, at the suggestion of an Irish monk.

The reader may ask what is a *Sequence*? Briefly, it originally meant a prolongation of the last syllable of *Alleluia* by a series of neumes, or wordless chant. In other words, a *Sequence* was the *following out* the vowel *a* by a modulated melody varying from seventeen to fifty notes. Blessed Notker extended those wordless chants and set words to the neumes, composing new melodies to which he adapted verses. This was in or about the year 858. At once the custom of sequences was adopted by the neighboring monasteries, and Pope St. Nicholas, in 860, approved of this new form of rhythmic prose.¹⁰ Our Irish annalists take care to mention that at a Council held by this great Pope, in 861, St. Donal (Donatus), Bishop of Fiesole, attended.

The *Liber Ymnorum Notkeri*, one of the most ancient manuscripts belonging to St. Gall (second only in importance to the St. Gall Antiphonarium), is fully "noted," or set to music, and was illuminated by an Irish scribe. Dr. W. K. Sullivan says that "the initial letter of the Easter Sequence, commencing 'Laudes Salvatori voce modulemur supplici,' is an excellent example of the interlaced Irish style of ornament, with the interesting peculiarity that the trefoil or shamrock is used as a prominent feature of it."

Among the musical compositions of Blessed Notker, about

⁹ An excellent English version of this tract was made by William Larminie, and is now in the National Library of Ireland, Kildare St., Dublin.

¹⁰ Sequences were also called *Tropes*, just as Tropes, properly so called, were denominated *Proses*. Since the year 1100 the word *Prose* has been a convertible term with *Sequence*.

the year 870, the theme of which was suggested to him by his Irish friend Moengal, is the celebrated *Responsorium*, or *Antiphona de Morte*: "Media Vita," commencing *Media vita in morte sumus*, "In the midst of life we are in death," which was almost immediately adopted throughout Europe as a funeral anthem. Not infrequently are the words "in the midst of life we are in death" quoted as Scriptural, but the text is only one of the many contributions to the Liturgy due to Irish writers and composers.¹¹ On the opposite page is the musical setting of this *Responsorium*, in modern notation, by Dom André Mocquereau, O.S.B., Prior of Solesmes.

In the year 870, Moengal, who had been a devoted choir brother at St. Gall for thirty years, was appointed Head Master of the Music School. Under his rule the *schola cantorum* was second only to that of Rome itself, and his pupils included Herman, Hartmann, and Gottschalk. He died September 30, 890, and had as his successor his favorite Irish disciple, Tuathal, or Tutilo. Mathew, in his "Handbook of Musical History," writes: "The copying of music became such a feature of the work done at St. Gall that the scribes of this monastery provided all Germany with manuscript books of Gregorian Chant, all beautifully illuminated."

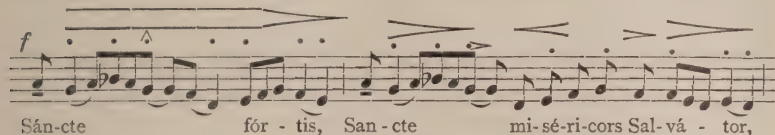
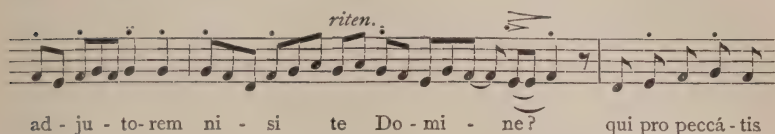
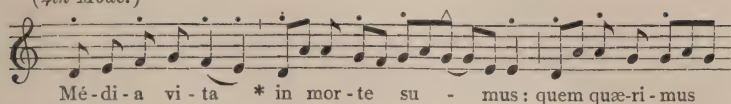
Tuathal, or Tutilo, was even more famous than his master Moengal, and was not only a wonderful musician, but was also famed as a poet, orator, painter, goldsmith, builder, and sculptor. We are told that he was a skilled performer on the *Cruit*, or Irish harp, and the *Psaltery*. Père Schubiger published some of the *Tropes* composed by Tuathal, two of which, "Hodie cantandus" and "Omnipotens Genitor," betray all the well-known characteristics of Irish music. This marvellous Irish monk died at an advanced age on April 27, 914—surviving his friend Notker by two years.

We have seen that Moengal visited Rome prior to going to St. Gall. This desire to make a pilgrimage to the centre of unity was an especial characteristic of the Irish monks. From the *Annals of the Four Masters* we learn that Celedabhail, or Ceile, Abbot Bishop of Bangor, and "apostolic doctor of all Ireland," went to visit Pope John X in 927, and was received by Pope Leo VI in 928. He died as "a pilgrim and anchorite" in Rome,

¹¹ The text is still recited in the funeral service of the Church of England.

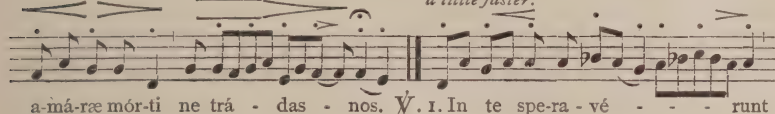
Responsorium: "Media Vita."

(4th Mode.)



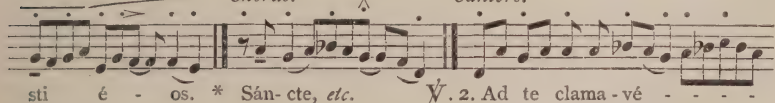
Cantors.

a little faster.



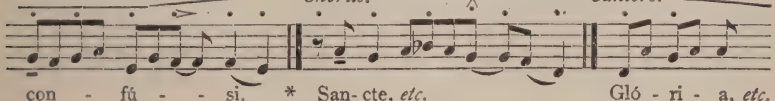
Chorus.

Cantors.



Chorus.

Cantors.



in 928, where also died Ferghil, Abbot of Terryglass, County Tipperary, in the same year.

Until the year 940 the Irish monks of St. Gall were content with a fosse around the abbey, *more Hibernico*, but in 941 it was wisely decided to erect a high wall around the monastic buildings. The wisdom of this proceeding was evidenced, in 954, when the monks had to defend themselves against an attack by the Saracens.

It is an admitted fact that the Sequences from 860 to 960 were free rhythms with *assonance*, an *Irish* invention, as Nigra proves, clearly evidencing the Irish training of Notker and other Sequence composers. It was only in 975 that the prose assonantal Sequences were replaced by rhymed verse, a form which attained its perfection in the compositions of Bernard of Morlaix, Abelard, St. Bernard, and Adam of St. Victor. To such an extent did Sequences develop that Pope Pius V eliminated from the Missal all but five,—namely, *Victimæ Paschali*, *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, *Lauda Sion*, *Stabat Mater*, and *Dies Irae*.

In the eleventh century the Music School of St. Gall, by the gradual disappearance of the Irish monks, was overshadowed by other musical centres; and the new organum, as well as the introduction of mensural music or discant, was destined to revolutionize the art of music.

WILLIAM H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

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FUNERAL RITES AND PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD IN QUEEN MARY'S REIGN.

THERE are few books so intensely human as the Diary of Henry Machyn, citizen of London. Residing in the Metropolis during those particularly eventful years extending from the close of the reign of King Henry VIII into the earlier ones of that of Queen Elizabeth, Machyn, unlike Pepys and Evelyn, sinks his own personality, on the one hand, and refrains from the description of political crises on the other. We see the streets of London, and, so far as outward signs are able to show them to us,

we look on at the joys and the sorrows of at least a very large section of its inhabitants. Pageants, processions, ancient customs, rites, ceremonies,—these are the things to be found, drawn in large outlines, in the pages of the old *Diarist*, not as they are to be met with in the solemn books of heraldry and of ritual, but as the eye witnessed them actually taking place. The tragedy and the comedy of human life are to be seen there. Side by side with a Lord Mayor's show, we meet with a funeral procession of an alderman. Now it is a christening which is mentioned; a little later a requiem. The "morce dance" and "the feast of fools" are hardly described, when we light upon a dirge. Here it is the custom of entering each house to delight children on St. Nicholas' day; there it is the bell ringing, throughout the night, for the dead on All Souls'. In one line we read of a duel; in another of prayers asked all over London, and a dole given to the "bedesmen" for a sick citizen; and in another of the great dinner after a burial. The book presents us with a varied picture; but the picture is varied because, more than any diary of which we know, this one of Machyn's takes in human nature, with its light and dark side, its grief and gladness, just as it really is.

Machyn does not conceal his sympathies with the old Faith. When, after the description of so much that was Catholic, he has to enter into details respecting the Protestant turn which affairs had taken, he informs us himself that he underwent an hour's penance during sermon time in St. Paul's Cathedral, on account of "two words" which, according to his own admission, did not reflect very creditably on the character of one of the new preachers. Earlier, in the reign of Edward VI, he describes with pleasure the entrance of the Princess Mary into London, and he notes particularly the fact that she had, suspended from her girdle, "a pair of beads." He enters minutely into every detail concerning the re-introduction of the Catholic Faith at the accession of the unfortunate daughter of Katherine of Arragon. On August 23, 1553, he says, "began the Mass at St. Nicholas' Coleabbey, goodly song in Latin, and tapers set on the altar, and a cross, in old Fish street." He informs us that there were "holy water stocks, and censers, and copes," at the coronation of the new Sovereign, all of which articles he would have expected the reader to have

taken for granted had he not witnessed their wholesale profanation, and heard them described as "popish peltre," in the days of the little king lately deceased. On one occasion during those first months of the reign of Mary he asserts, with satisfaction, that he had listened "to the goodliest sermon that ever was heard, of the Blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood, for to be after the consecration." Processions, he is pleased to remark, with *Ora pro nobis*, had commenced again all over England. And he finishes his observations on what to him had been an eventful year by telling his readers that, on a certain day in December, which he does not name, in the year 1553, "there was a proclamation through London and all England that no man should sing no (*sic*) English service nor communion after the 20th day of December, nor no priest that has a wife shall not (*sic*) minister nor say Mass, and that every parish to make an altar, and to have a cross and staff, and all other things, in all parishes, all in Latin, as holy bread, holy water, as palm and ashes."¹

Naturally, a disposition so firmly on the side of the Catholic Faith as was that of this resident of London, would be not less careful in mentioning the least detail connected with the ceremonies surrounding the dead, than when occupied in describing those in which the living were, from time to time, engaged. It is to Machyn, in particular, that we owe the intimate knowledge we possess of the manner in which, four centuries ago, the last sad rites were performed over those who had run their course, although we shall refer to him more for the purpose of showing how anxious were the survivors to obtain a "plentiful redemption" out of purgatory, than for any mere antiquarian interest, which we might be supposed to feel, in the way our forefathers thought fit to consign the dust of the body to the grave.

Not infrequently in our author do we meet with the expression "in his beads" or "the beads." "The 30th day of July, did preach at Paul's Cross Master Harpfield, and he did pray in his bedes for the King and Queen." The same word is used by the *Grey Friars' Chronicle*² when mentioning the penance undergone by three of

¹ *Machyn's Diary*. Published by the Camden Society. Page 50. The extracts, unless expressly marked otherwise, are taken from the Diary. The spelling is modernized.

² *Grey Friars' Chronicle*, p. 92. Camden Society.

the reformed clergy and two laymen, while the same Dr. Harpfield was preaching. They "kneeled down in the midst of the Church, and there had their disciplines of him, and he kissed them. And so went to the Cross, and stood there all sermon time. And when he came to the beddes, they turned to the preacher, and kneeled down and asked forgiveness of him, and then he showed their opinions openly in the pulpit." The beddes, or beads, although there was some slight difference in the forms adopted by the various dioceses, were the prayers known to us as the Bidding prayer. They were recited every Sunday, in many places after the procession connected with the *Asperges*, at the commencement of the Mass, and in others just before the sermon, as we see in the foregoing case at Paul's Cross. They consist of various petitions made by the congregation, in the vulgar tongue, for the living and for the needs of the individual and the nation, after which the dead are specially commended to the suffrages of the faithful, and, thereupon, prayed for together. The following is the exhortation: "Let us pray for N. and N., Archbishops, Bishops, clergy, benefactors, etc., who have served this Church or done any good thereto, or to this foundation; and for all the souls whose bones rest in this Church and Church yard, and all those who have given to this Church or foundation, rents, vestments, or other good whereby God is better worshipped in this Church, and the Minister thereof better sustained. And for all our Father's and Mother's souls, our Godfathers' and Godmothers' souls, brethren and sisters' souls, all our parishioners' souls, and for all the souls that have done any good to this Church, and for all Christian souls." It was this form of words which sounded in the ears of every congregation at Mass week by week all during the Middle Ages; and, when finished, whether in the stately and grand cathedral or in the little village church hidden away in the country districts, priests and people knelt together to say a *De Profundis* for the souls of those who had been members in the past, as they themselves were now, of the church in which they were assembled to worship God.³

The funerals mentioned by Machyn were not conducted in the

³ See the whole "Bidding Prayer" given in *Divine Worship in England*, by I. D. Chambers, M.A., Recorder of Salisbury, p. 187 seq.

same expeditious manner as similar functions, unfortunately, are gone through to-day. They commenced in the afternoon of one day and they finished with the consignment of the body to the grave, after the Mass, on the next. Two things in particular attracted the attention of the old writer in the scenes which he endeavors to depict. There was the procession which took place as the deceased was being brought to the church; and there was the "Pratey hearse," which, as we shall see, had a most important service to render when the sacred edifice had been reached. The former, far from being melancholy, must, by reason of the standards, the penons, and the flags, which were carried before and behind the corpse, as well as by reason of the vestments of clergy, and the robes of mourners, sometimes numbering as many as two hundred, together with the sound of hymns and psalms, have produced an impression the very opposite of mournful. "There was," at the burial of Sir John Dudley, says our author, "priests and clerks singing in Latin, the priest having a cope, and the clerk having the hallowater sprynkull in his hand." The great standard of St. George, four yards long, headed the procession, after which came "ys gret baner of armes, gold and silver"; and after that came one "beyryng ys helmet, mantyll, and the crest, a bluw lyon's hed standyng apon a crowne of gold." Surrounded with burning torches, carried on the shoulders of his own men, with sword, target, coat of armor carried by friends, Sir John was received at the Church of St. Margaret, Westminster, and placed under the "hearse" until the following day.

Sometimes Machyn vouchsafes to his reader a little extra information about the person whose last journey he had that day witnessed: "The eighth day of August was buried the gentle Master Austin Hind, alderman; the which, had it pleased Almighty God that he had lived till Michaelmas, should have been the new Mayor of this noble city of London." One hundred and eighty old men and women, twenty-four torches, two fair white branches of candles, were some of the characteristics of this procession. In many of the cases which he narrates the diarist is careful to inform us that the house of the deceased, the street in which he had resided, the church where the funeral obsequies were taking place, were all draped in black. Sometimes the body

was covered with cloth of gold. On one occasion the Lord Mayor walked in procession, "and all the aldermen in violet, and then came the women mourners, ladies, and many aldermen's wives and gentle women." Anne of Cleves was borne to the grave in the following manner: "The third day of August my lady Anne of Cleves came from Chelsea unto Westminster to be buried. There went before in procession all the children of Westminster, many priests and clerks, the Grey Canons of Pauls, and then four crosses. There came then the monks of Westminster, and after them rode my Lord Bishop of London and my Lord Abbot of Westminster. Then came her two secretaries, then my Lord Admiral, my Lord D'Arcy, and many knights and gentlemen." One hundred of "the good lady's" servants and twelve of her beadsmen, "in new black gowns," preceded the body, each one bearing a lighted torch; and additional color was given to the scene by four banners of the pictures of saints, four "banners of white," and eight banners of different arms, all borne by heralds. Vested in cope and mitre, the two ecclesiastical dignitaries received the dead Queen at the door of the church; and, having been incensed, "she was brought into the hearse, and remained there all night, with light burning."

Processions of deceased mayors, of aldermen, of priests, of bishops, of knights, of lords, of queens, of ordinary ladies, meet us in these pages of Machyn in a bewildering multitude. Each of them is more or less impressive; each presents to the mind of the reader a picture very far removed from being a sombre or a melancholy one. The lighted candles and the clergy chanting or reciting the Psalms, are the accompaniments of even the poorest when being borne to his last resting-place.

But what was the reason of so much ceremony? What was the object of this formality? We cannot think that that natural love for pageantry which mankind has always, and particularly in the Middle Ages, manifested, will satisfactorily answer these questions. Our fathers believed so very firmly in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, and therefore considered that the flesh which was to stand side by side with Christ in the next world, and which had been honored with the presence of the Holy Spirit in this, ought to be treated, even when deprived of the soul, with a

great amount of respectful homage. But there was another important reason. The desire of exciting in the mind of the onlooker a disposition to approach the throne of God on behalf of the departed, was never far distant in everything undertaken, in their regard by those connected with them. Even in the records of the Drapers Company, written most probably by the company's secretary, the funeral procession of one of its members is not entered into the minute-book before the words, "On whose soul Jesu have mercy," are inscribed, nor brought to a conclusion without the following, "For whose soul let us pray and all Christian souls. Amen." The journey from the house to the church formed itself into an eloquent, if silent, appeal to the living to remember the dead. The solemn tolling of the bell, which Machyn sometimes describes as a great knell; the chanting of the priests; the poor reciting their "beads;" the constant sprinkling of holy water; were so many reminders to those who witnessed the procession that charity, too, demanded a prayer from them. Nor was the true reason of so much formality allowed to be in the least degree doubtful; for the very first action performed by the "herald," as soon as the church had been reached, was to stand in front of the hearse, on which the body had been laid, and ask the prayers of the congregation for the repose of the soul, making mention of the deceased by name. Before the dirge began for Sir John Dudley, our author is careful to note that "the herald came to the quire door and prayed for his soul by his style," *i.e.*, mentioning his name and titles or position. A similar duty was fulfilled by the herald on the morrow before the commencement of the Mass.

We have alluded to the "hearse." No funeral described by Machyn is complete without it. It forms the very centre of attraction in most of these ceremonies on which his eyes feasted. But we have not proceeded far in our examination of the hearse which appears so dear to him, before we are quite convinced that he is not referring to a vehicle for conveying the dead to the grave, but to an erection in the church itself. His hearse is made of "tymbur;" it is decorated with flags, with armorial designs, and "escochyons;" it is illuminated with candles; and it is in use at a requiem Mass, a year after the body has been buried. Moreover, he never employs the word to denote the means by which the

body was brought from the house to where it was ultimately to rest; for, in the majority of cases, he tells us that the remains were borne upon the shoulders of men, according to the custom of those times, or, when not so, that the services of a "charett," and again, of a "wagon" were employed for that purpose.

The fact that the Protestant bishops, at the commencement of Elizabeth's reign, ordered the destruction of the hearse, and that a great many were, in fact, put "to profane uses,"⁴ would warrant our assumption, without further testimony, that the thing we are considering had some very intimate connection with certain tenets of the Catholic Faith. It would also lead us strongly to suspect, even could it not be otherwise proved, that the hearse of mediæval England could have had no relationship with that sad-looking conveyance, cold and unsightly enough to satisfy the demands of the most rigid Puritan, with which, at the present time, our eyes are generally greeted, at the burial of the dead. Indeed, the "pratey" thing, in which the soul of Machyn took such delight, was very closely connected with the doctrine of purgatory and of prayers for the departed. It was the bier, or catafalque, on which the body rested while the dirge in the evening, the watch during the night, and the Mass of the morning were taking place. The word itself is said by some to be derived from the Latin *hercia*, a harrow; by others, from *ericius*, a hedgehog; some imagine that the triangular candlestick, used at Tenebræ, and anciently called a hearse, is responsible for the term; and finally, some have thought that the similarity existing between the spiked bars of a portcullis, called a hearse, and the frame placed over the bier on which the dead were laid, naturally gave the name of the portcullis to the frame. Whatever may have been the origin of the word, there can be no doubt that the hearse we are considering was a part of the ancient *feretrum* which the parishioners were ordered to provide for each parish church; and that it consisted of a frame in which there were places for candles, its use being principally to prevent the hearse cloth, which was often made of very precious material, from touching the body. In the course of centuries, a natural development changed the hearse into a

⁴ See *Church Furniture*, by Edward Peacock, F.S.A., where, also, some learned notes on the Hearse, and a picture of one, are to be found.

magnificent structure, particularly when provided by the wealthy, and the principal features of it which attracted the eye were the high canopy and valances above, and the monograms, designs, coats of arms, and alliances which, below, concealed the bier. It is in the pages of the old Diarist, more than elsewhere, that we are able to see the nature, the uses, and the splendor of this particular piece of ecclesiastical furniture so familiar to the people of pre-Reformation times. He tells us that on the 26th day of November, some time after the King's death, there was set up, "a goodly hearse for the late King Edward, hung with cloth of tissue." One month after the death of Sir William Laxton was the "month's mind," at which ceremony we are informed that there was, "the hearse burning with wax, *i.e.*, with many candles, and the morrow mass, and a sermon,—and after dinner the hearse was taken down." We read the same of the Earl of Sussex; there is the month's mind, "the hearse burning and standing till dirge and mass done on the morrow; after it was taken down." The "goodliest hearse" ever seen by Machyn, was that of Jane, Queen of Spain, who, although she was not buried in England, received the compliment of a grand funeral in St. Paul's Cathedral. This particular hearse took just one week to erect, and the *Grey Friars' Chronicle* says that it stood up on view for yet another week after the obsequies were over. "The 11th day of June began they to set up the hearse at Pauls for the Queen of Spain, the which was the goodliest hearse that was ever seen in England. The bare frame cost £15, the carpenter's duty. The 17th day was the hearse finished at Paul's above the quire, with nine principals garnished, the goodliest that ever was seen, and all the principals covered with black velvet, and the majesty of taffata, and the fringe gold."⁵

We are able, in the foregoing extracts, to see how intimate was the connection between the hearse and the doctrine of purgatory. Not only do we find it in the church when the last rites were performed over the body which was about to be committed to the earth, but it is there whenever, at the month's mind, at a solemn requiem, or at the anniversary of the dead, the most sacred Liturgy is being performed. To Machyn the hearse was a thing

⁵ *Grey Friars' Chronicle*, p. 96. Camden Society.

of beauty; and from the details he has left us concerning it, most will be inclined, if not to agree with him entirely, at least to admit that it undoubtedly possessed a considerable amount of grandeur and majesty. So frequently did the torches and candles take up every available space from its base up to the top of its many pinnacles, which sometimes covered its canopy, that it appeared to be one burning mass; and our author can then find no more expressive words with which to describe its appearance than "the hearse burning," or a "hearse of wax." He dwells with fondness on the many banners, flags, coats of arms, and escutcheons which in blue, crimson, green and gold both ornamented the actual bier on which the body lay, and became blended together with the black velvet or silk of the valances and the roof, hanging down and spread out on high above it. Sometimes there were representations of angels at each of the four corners, and on very grand occasions there would be a recumbent figure in wax, called by the Diarist, "a picture," placed on the top of the hearse cloth which shrouded the dead from sight. In fact, there can be little doubt that many of the monuments of celebrated personages, to be seen in our old cathedral churches, in which they are represented outstretched, their hands joined in prayer, under a stone or marble canopy, are meant to be copies of the hearse in which they lay, and under the canopy of which their wax "picture" was visible, while Mass was being said for them, on the day of their burial.

In these pages of Machyn, we see how important a part the celebration of the Mass formed in the pious obligations which our Catholic forefathers took upon themselves on behalf of their beloved dead. There are few cases mentioned in which, three times on the morning of the burial, the Holy Sacrifice was not offered; and the words "the morrow mass of requiem, two masses, one of the Trinity and another of Our Lady," are of such frequent occurrence that a whole page might be taken up in references, were it our present purpose to make a note of the prevalence of that custom in particular. Even the ecclesiastical authorities had regarded the Mass as so important a matter whenever the dead came up for consideration that, throughout the Middle Ages, on the day of a burial an exception was made to the universal law of the

Church of saying Mass by the same priest once only on the same day, and permission was granted for two celebrations.⁶ Nor was it the custom to offer the Holy Sacrifice merely on the day of the deposition. There is more than one deceased person, mentioned by Machyn, whose progress from the place in which he had resided to that in which, at last, his body was to find a permanent resting-place, took many days. On each of them, at the various villages or towns where the halt was made, both the Office of the Dead and the solemn mysteries were recited and performed. On the twenty-eighth day of August died Sir John Harrington of Rutlandshire; he, "whent into his contrey in a horse lytter," on the 4th of September following, and, from the day on which he died until he reached his burial place, "was mass and dirge every day sung." On the day of the death of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, there was the dirge, followed on the next day by a Mass, the third day having both a dirge and a Mass "in every parish in London." Again, on the seventh day dirge was said, and then three Masses, after which the body was kept in a London church for three months "in a hearse;" and finally the remains of the once powerful Stephen of Winchester were taken "on a wagon with four wheels" to his former see, a dirge and a Mass being solemnized previous to starting, and, again, at each place where the mournful procession stopped, or, as our author puts it, "at every lodging."

Nor did the relatives of the deceased satisfy their devotion to the dead only by actions which, like those described, might be regarded as of quite a personal character. Others, in no way related to the dead, the poor and those persons incapacitated for doing work requiring much bodily exercise, were sought out, and became the recipients of abundant charity on condition that they would pray for the repose of the soul. Many of them were hired to walk in the procession to the grave, and the records in Machyn are frequent in which old men and women are described as robed in new clothes or gowns, carrying their candles and saying their prayers before or behind the bier. They were earning their dole; for by such a name was the reward called which, after the Mass, was given to them for the pious services, either already performed

⁶ Lyndwood's *Provinciale*. Book III, p. 126

or expected of them in days to come, on behalf of the deceased, whenever they visited the various churches. "There was a great dole," is an expression which, with the Diarist, finishes his description of the funeral; and the dole meant an alms given on condition that the receiver prayed for some object dear to the heart of the donor, connected not only with the dead but, as in the following case, with the living as well. "The same time was *delt* through all the wards of London 12d a house for Sir Rowland Hill, late Mayor of London, being very sick at that time."

The loss which the poor suffered when, by dint of much preaching, consisting, for the most part, of studied misrepresentation, the people of England ceased to pray for the dead, was twofold. Those seemingly insignificant gifts of "gowns and coats" with which our author is so impressed as always to think them worthy of mention, and the larger presents of money, as when he tells us there was "much money given," or a dole, or a great dole, became, from a rule, a very rare exception. But far more serious was the loss with regard to the foundation of homes and almshouses, the charities for which were left only on condition that the inmates should pray for the repose of the soul of the benefactor. For, with the downfall of devotion to the dead, the endowment of schools, of orphanages, and of places of refuge for the old and infirm, became rarer and rarer. How closely prayers for the dead were connected with institutions of the kind we are mentioning, is proved by the title deeds of a very great many of their number.

As Machyn has referred to Richard Whittington, we may be permitted to allude to his last will and testament, a part of which is to be found in the Survey of London by Stowe.⁷ The Diarist introduces Whittington in order to inform us of the gruesome fact that his body, robbed of the lead which encased it by a Protestant minister in Edward's reign, was again taken up by command of Mary, was "new coffined and leaded," and, after the dirge and the "morrow mass," which our author mentions, was a third time buried. But Stowe is naturally more occupied with the description of the celebrated mayor's benefactions to the poor,

⁷ See the whole account of Sir Richard Whittington's charities in Stowe (*Survey*), Bk. III, C. 5, Ed. 1720.

and particularly with the provisions made by him for the support of thirteen old persons, "successively for evermore." The executors to the will having narrated the last moments of Whittington, during which he had impressed upon them his opinion that one of the best ways of ensuring a happy judgment at the tribunal of God is for the dead to have the prayers of those whom he has benefited in his lifetime, they then proceed to give the conditions of the charitable foundation as they had received them from the lips of the dying man. "Every tutor and poor folk every day when they first rise from their beds, kneeling upon their knees (shall) say a *Pater Noster* and an *Ave Maria*, with the special and hearty recommendation—making of the aforesaid Richard Whittington and Alice (his wife) to God, and our Blessed Lady Maiden Mary. And, at other times of the day as he may best and most commonly have leisure thereto, for the state of the souls above said: say, three or two Psalters of our Lady at the least. That is to say, thrice seven *Ave Marias* with fifteen *Pater Nosters* and three creeds." In case the aged people should be prevented by sickness or any other just cause, one Psalter had to be said. "And they shall say for the souls of the said Richard and Alice, and for the souls of all Christian people, this Psalm *De profundis*:—and they shall say three *Pater Nosters*, three *Ave Marias*, and one creed. And this done, the tutor, or one of the eldest men of them, shall say openly in English, 'God have mercy on our Founders' souls, and on all Christian souls'; and they that stand around shall answer Amen."

We see, then, how in all of the ceremonies to which we have alluded there was one idea predominating. With a true Catholic instinct, the great thought in the mind of our mediæval Fathers was, how to shorten that period of grief and pain upon which the Holy Souls, at their departure out of this world, had entered. Their desire was that nothing which they might do should be left undone, to bring about the speedy return into the presence of God from which the dead, who had "died in the Lord," had, for a time, been shut out. How little Machyn imagined that within ten years all the outward manifestations of so pious a desire and of so religious a practice as prayers for the dead would be quite discontinued; and that, from his days onward, the belief in their

efficacy would become weaker and weaker, and finally cease altogether ! The procession of the dead was stopped ; the continual tolling of the bell during the funeral, and all night long on All Souls' eve, was hushed in silence ; the Mass was "put down ;" the church doors were closed against the dead, and the body was, henceforth, taken straight from the house to the grave. The hearse lingered on for a few years and was used to give a little life to a state service, meant, as an old writer⁸ puts it, as a compliment shown by the English monarch on the death of a foreign prince. And the poor were deprived both of their dole as well as of the many charities which the anxious dead in their last moments, and the sorrowing relatives while their grief was still fresh, cheerfully gave them for their religious services. Since then the inevitable has happened. It is impossible altogether to eradicate from the human breast the feeling that, in the presence of death, something must be done ; and if one road be closed for launching out into some little extra expense in honor of the dead, another will most assuredly be opened. This is, really, what is happening, particularly in our own days. The alms bestowed by our Catholic fathers when the hand of death had stricken their household, gave peace and rest to the departed, at the same time as it sheltered the body and rejoiced the heart of the infirm and the indigent. But the expenses connected with the grave, at the present time, far surpass the amount given formerly in alms for prayers ; and, while they benefit neither the living nor the dead, they have, as their one result, the flattering of the pride of the survivors, which, if it is always inexcusable, seems in addition out of place and distressing when made to appear over the dissolving dust and ashes of those who "have gone to their long home."

JOHN FREELAND.

Ely, England.

⁸ Strypes' *Annals of the Reformation* (Queen Elizabeth), p. 127, and also Grindal's *Remains*, p. 1.

Student's Library Table.

RECENT SCIENCE.

Principles of Heredity.—The most distinguished investigator of the problems of heredity in Europe at the present time is Professor De Vries, the Professor of Botany at the University of Amsterdam, who has been on a visit to the St. Louis Exposition and some of the Universities of this country during the recent summer months. His book, which has just been completed, has attracted widespread attention and brings more of personal observation with successful results of experiments in heredity than any other volume so far issued. It was De Vries who re-discovered Father Mendel's work and with true scientific impartiality gave his distinguished predecessor, whose investigations had been conducted in the little monastery garden at Brünn, due credit. It is perhaps a striking indication of the universality of modern science that the reference to Mendel's work which sent De Vries back to consult the pamphlets issued at Brünn, occurred in an article published by Professor Bailey of Cornell University in this country.

De Vries' principal contribution to biology and especially to the problems of heredity consists of the demonstration of a definite distinction between various forms of changes which take place from generation to generation in plants. Plants, like all other living things, have an individuality of their own. Each differs slightly from its neighbor, no matter how closely related they may be by parentage. The variations which occur among plants are sometimes so great as to make even the botanist hesitate whether certain descendants from the same stock really belong to the same species or not. There is a distinct curve of variation with limits between which, however, all the plants belonging to a single species are found to occur.

Nonetheless, some plants do not observe these limitations. They are so strikingly different from the plants from which they are descended as to be called "sports." These are not variations but mutations,—an actual change has taken place, as it were, in the

character of the plant. The occurrence of such sports or mutations cannot be definitely foretold. A certain percentage of them will occur in a given number of plants, but that is all that can be said. These sports breed true to themselves, that is, with the exercise of a very little care they can be made to transmit their peculiarities to descendants so that a new species may be produced. De Vries has actually succeeded in producing new species in this way, and Professor Morgan of Bryn Mawr said not long ago that the most interesting biological experience he had ever had was studying new-found species in De Vries' botanical garden, where "species were springing fully-fledged into life as Minerva from the head of Jove."

The mutations which are the basis of the new species are quite distinct from the variations which occur ordinarily among plants, and they would seem to occur as the result of a definite purpose, according to which developmental tendencies work themselves out into evolutionary progress. It is in this way that teleology, the science of a purpose in creation, after long exclusion from biology, is finding its way back into the science of living things, and there are not a few biologists now who seriously discuss the purposefulness of mutations as so many stepping-stones in a providential evolution.

One of the most interesting features of modern observation with regard to plants is the failure of every effort to succeed in causing mere variations to bring about definite changes in plants, to say nothing of the production of new species. For instance, it is not difficult by careful breeding, according to Galton's laws, to produce plants that give much more valuable fruit or seeds than before. Grains of various kinds, corn and wheat and the like, have thus been wonderfully improved in food-value, and of course also in the price they bring. As soon, however, as careful breeding fails to be exercised with regard to them, they degenerate into their previous condition. There are many delicate fruits, for instance, that cannot be raised by means of seeds for this reason, but must be propagated by cuttings. This is what does not take place when improvement in plants is accomplished by means of mutations, rather than variations.

Needless to say, all the problems involved are of extreme interest, not only from a theoretical, but also from a practical stand-

point. More light has been thrown upon them in the last five years than ever before in the history of biology. This is due mainly to the acknowledgment of the value of Mendel's methods of observation and experimentation, and so far from the end being yet in sight, it seems clear that we are only at the beginning of important discoveries that will teach something definite with regard to the principles of heredity as applicable to all living things.

Brazil Experiences with Yellow Fever.—Now that yellow fever has apparently been driven for good and all from Havana, the question of its continued existence in Brazil, the only other country besides Cuba in which it was formerly considered to be endemic, is of the greatest interest. Considerable doubt was thrown in Brazil on the theory that the disease was always carried by mosquitoes, and in no other way. It may be said that sanitary authorities elsewhere also were dubious in this regard. Even so distinguished a sanitarian, and so well-recognized a yellow-fever expert as Dr. Sanchon, the Director of the State Board of Health of Louisiana, has declared his belief that there are other modes of distribution besides the mosquito.

Two sets of experiments recently made seem to demonstrate beyond all doubt the exclusive office of the mosquito in this serious matter. In Cuba men were exposed to the atmosphere of the room in which yellow-fever patients had been for many days; they used the same toilet articles, and even the same bedding, without sterilization of any kind, yet did not acquire the disease. The subjects taken for this observation were all men who had never lived in the tropics before, who had only recently arrived in Cuba, and would a few years back have been considered sure to take yellow fever, if thus exposed to what used to be thought the chief carriers of contagion. During the experiment the men were carefully protected from mosquitoes, were assured that they would not catch the disease, and came out of their experience with complete faith in their medical advisers. Some of them subsequently offered to allow themselves to be bitten by mosquitoes that had been gathered from yellow-fever patients, and at least half of those whose offer was accepted contracted the disease.

Down in Sao Paolo, Brazil, those incredulous of the agency of the mosquito brought some of the insects from a part of the

country where there had not been any yellow fever for many years. After having allowed them to feed on yellow-fever patients they were taken back to their original home, where they were allowed to sting volunteers who, though never having had yellow fever, were willing to be test cases. Over fifty per centum of these individuals acquired yellow fever.

There seems no doubt, then, that there is no more need for the elaborate disinfection procedures still required in some places for yellow fever, than there is for malaria. This greatly simplifies the question of quarantine and gives better assurance that the disease henceforth will be kept out of ports. How much this means for the American tropics, only those who have lived among the terrors of yellow fever can know.

Once More a Supposed Missing-Link.—Travellers' tales always need to be taken with some grains of salt. Experience has shown that when they refer to the absence of religious feelings among the aborigines of distant South Pacific Islands, or have a bearing on the great question of evolution and the possibility of the discovery of a missing-link between man and the animals, there is always need of special precautions to require ample confirmation before any credence is accorded to them. A few years ago a traveller, returned from Madagascar, reported that he had seen the missing-link wandering in the forests of that island. Certain peculiarities in the being seen appeared to the wondering traveller's eyes to stamp it as surely of close relationship to the human species. It was covered only sparsely with hair, yet had quite a fringe of whiskers around its face. Its posture—that of settling itself close to the trunk of a tree, drawing its knees up and resting its hands upon them—while to the traveller's imagination at least it put on a look of melancholy (!), seemed to stamp it as beyond all doubt of human kinship. It had a habit, too, occasionally of taking its hands off its knees and stretching them out to the sun, as if to warm them, reminding the observer of a child or of an old man that, like Homer's old men, loved to sit in the sunshine and enjoy its warmth.

It transpires, however, that the creature seen was only one of the genus *lemur*, a species of monkey which is not uncommon in Madagascar. The special form on which the observation was made was the *sifaka*. While they usually travel in parties of five

or six, or more, occasionally they wander alone. The mode of carrying their tail stretched along their back accounts for the fact that on casual observation they seem to lack this prehensile organ. A very curious habit of theirs is to sit on the bough of a tree with their knees drawn up and their hands clasped together above their heads and fall asleep. In this position they greatly resemble a dwarf human being. The females of this special race of monkeys have a habit of carrying their little ones on their arms, almost exactly as a human mother does, and the little one nestles close in and holds on with its tiny hands, sometimes passed around the mother's neck in a manner that simulates corresponding action in human beings so closely as to give one an eerie feeling of uncanny kinship.

The recognition of the special variety of monkey which the traveller described disposes, of course, of the question of the missing-link effectually, and is besides an admirable lesson in the sceptical attitude with which such stories must be received generally until definite information is at hand. The discovery of the *pithecanthropos* (supposed ape-man) skeleton, a few years ago in Java, is after all only a similar story of a sensational conclusion announced on insufficient data. Professor Virchow absolutely refused to put any faith in the announcement, and considered that there is no *scintilla* of evidence as to human evolution from the animals.

Physico-Chemistry of the Universe.—The most interesting series of speculations that have come in the course of the development of our knowledge of radium, have been those with regard to the composition of various celestial bodies, their relationship to our earth and to certain problems on the earth, which have long been the source of mystery. As was pointed out recently, it is possible that certain of the features of radio-activity, as studied best in radium, may serve to explain away a discrepancy which has long existed between the age of the sun as calculated by astronomers and physicists, especially such men as Lord Kelvin and the age required for the sun, according to the changes that have been noted on various parts of the earth's surface by geologists. Some years ago, in his presidential address to the British Association at Oxford, the Marquis of Salisbury called attention to this discrepancy rather emphatically and concluded from it that the cal-

culations of physicists and geologists were not worthy of any serious credence.

The age of the sun was calculated by physicists according to the formula suggested by Helmholtz. In this the shrinking of the sun's sphere and the heat thus set free was taken as the main source of the energy developed. Now there seems no doubt that radium is an element that enters in no small proportion into the composition of the sun. Helium, which is known to exist in the sun's atmosphere and in the sun itself, has been noted as constantly occurring as an emanation from radium. Assuming the presence of radium, this would supply another source of energy, besides that of the physical processes of shrinking which so far have been supposed to be the sole sources of energy. Under the application of the old formulæ, physicists consider that the sun was at most twenty millions of years old. There are many geologists, however, who insist that the crust of the earth must be far older than that. The new factor may prove sufficient, when introduced into the equation, to satisfy even the demands of the geologists as to the age of the sun.

Radium gives out in the course of its manifestations certain rays sometimes spoken of as *beta* rays, which are the equivalents of what are known as electrons. These electrons, which are really negative particles of electricity, are also given out by the sun and are the material which causes a comet to develop its tail. As is well-known, the comet does not exhibit a tail until it approaches the sun, and then the tail is always turned away from the sun. As we have stated before in this department, it seems not unlikely that radio-activity and the mystery of the comet's tail are in some way connected, and the solution of this problem seems at hand.

Another curious phenomenon, which is really terrestrial, because occurring in our atmosphere, though often spoken of as celestial, is the *aurora borealis*. Much as this has been studied, there is as yet no satisfactory explanation of it. It has recently been suggested, however, that the electrons given out by the sun strike our atmosphere and somehow give rise to a very rare and attenuated form of gaseous material, called crypton, which exists only in the very outmost layers of the earth's atmosphere. It is through the lighting up of this rare gas, whose presence has

been recognized by means of the spectroscope, that the phenomenon of the *aurora borealis* takes place.

Electricity and Frozen Plumbing.—There was no dearth of experience during the past winter with regard to frozen water-pipes, and opportunities for the trial of new methods of treating them were always at hand. One result has been that now electricity is going to be employed in the treatment of frozen pipes. Instead of requiring that the pipes should be exposed and heat applied directly to the frozen part, which is not always easy to determine, a current of electricity is passed through the pipe so as to raise its temperature. It is said that a current strength of between two and three hundred amperes at a voltage of twenty or less is quite sufficient to raise the temperature of even a hundred feet of iron pipe to one hundred degrees, or a little more. This temperature leads to the gradual but sure melting of the ice and usually obviates the difficulty of the breakage from the sudden expansion of the frozen mass, as it goes just above the freezing point. The ice is melted gradually along the surface of the pipe, and with care the water may be drained off, allowing room for the expansion that will occur when the icy core passes just above the freezing temperature.

It might be objected that a current of electricity of sufficient strength to melt ice would injure joints in the pipe and set up electrolytic action. A slight amount of this will occur. The current is applied, however, for comparatively so brief a time—scarcely more than an hour is needed—that this effect may be neglected.

The current is applied directly to one faucet in a house and comes out at another in such a way that the frozen portion of pipe lies in between. In this way it will be unnecessary for the plumber to dig pipes or to pierce through walls to get at them, and as the heat generated is never equal to that of the hot water that ordinarily runs through pipes, there is no danger of fire taking place nor of injury to the surroundings of the pipe within the walls. Such a current as is necessary can be provided by a storage battery, should the house not be wired for electricity; or occasionally a small portable dynamo has been provided, which may be brought to the house door for the production of sufficient electrical energy.

Studies and Conferences.

SOME MORAL SIGNIFICANCES OF A POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

"You know then how to discern the face of the sky: and can you not know the signs of the time?"—Matt. 16: 3.

"The International Peace Congress was held here last week—

'Like a bell with solemn sweet vibration,
I hear again the voice of Christ say *Peace*'—

and Senator Hoar—G. O. M. of the Bay State, and the Nation—was laid away in Sleepy Hollow at Concord just as the Congress was inaugurated. I went up to see the great simple manhood given back to the simple dust."

This is only a casual quotation from the letter of one friend writing to another recently of the current news; but it records much more than the bare facts of current news. The theme of the age, the sentiment of a nation's heart, "the prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming of things to come," are reflected in a momentary flash from these few lines.

Why does the theme of peace vibrate so deeply and so insistently to-day underneath all the louder utterances of the people's voice; and why do we find such instant and whole-hearted reverence paid to the ideal of simplicity when it is held up to the public, either in the life of an individual or in the teachings of a prophet? Because at last a reaction has set in against that tide of false and feverish sentiment which has striven to make material success the test of a nation's greatness, and the legitimate purpose of an individual's life. We have been overdosed with the exploitations of personalities who have "made a success in life," till we could embrace the beggars in the street for being failures; greatness has been exemplified so insistently by the ability of a man to conquer obstacles, to defeat his enemies, to mount from the lowest to the highest rung of the ladder, to "begin as a newsboy and end as a capitalist," that it would almost drive one to go tilting at windmills from the sheer necessity of proving that he is doing something active in the moral combats of life. It has

been an age of "showy" virtues, of visible achievement not only in the material but even in the spiritual world. Even the Kingdom of God must make a good showing in statistics and in reports of progress that look well in print, in order to present the only argument that seemed intelligible to the materialistic spirit of the time. Goodness has learned how to advertise itself as unblushingly as evil, in order that merely practical standards of value may not be used to disprove its usefulness and meritoriousness. It has had to talk to the age in the only language it would understand, has had to submit its claims to the vulgar tests of low standards, in order to work out its sacred mission to make war upon these very standards, and to lift the world up to those higher standards of goodness which lie beyond the ken of the carnal mind.

For more than two score years the world has been parading in an almost unbroken succession of Conventions, Expositions, Congresses, National and International Assemblies, and General Exhibitions, in order to show what the race has achieved in material progress. Yet underneath the applause and the apparent interest of the multitude in all this outward show a great weariness has been growing up in the heart of humanity, a deep disgust at the gods that Israel had set up for its worship. And so humanity, like a child seeking its mother's breast, after the noise and trouble of the day is groping its way back to simplicity and peace.

A vast unconquerable impatience is upon us at the entanglements of our modern existence; and all the outward glitter and pretence can not bribe us into thinking that we have yet come into the heritage of liberty promised by prosperity and enlightenment. We sometimes feel the stirrings of great things within us during occasional moments of solitude and freedom from the pressure of external things. We know these aspirations are born of the spirit of the better life; we respond to the call they make to us with a quick heart-beat and an eager will to follow whithersoever they would lead us. But, alas! our feet are not shod for the journey; we are not found with staves in our hands and the pilgrim's readiness to leave all things behind that we may travel more swiftly to the promised land.

We have rather overdone the highly moral teaching that our

first obligation is to the duty nearest at hand, or rather we have interpreted that teaching on very narrow principles. The duty nearest at hand is too often an impertinent usurper of larger and nobler duties which have been moved into the background of our lives, kept out of sight in some quiet corner of the spirit, while the brood of impatient and hungry needs of the present moment outcry the pleadings of the spirit's hunger. A distinctive characteristic of great lives is courage in breaking away from the pressure of immediate and temporary needs, when these would hinder or obstruct a greater output of the spirit's power and resources toward the accomplishment of the greater good. With breadth of vision there comes breadth of knowledge in apprehending which way the real duty lies; and it sometimes happens that the heroism needed to choose this duty instead of the plain or apparent one is the consecration of a saint. We have crowded our conception of duty with all sorts of small considerations regarding the trivial claims of our external relations with our fellow-beings. We have tied up our freedom of spirit with hundreds of petty obligations to conventions and courtesies and customs, and then foolishly believed that a patient, uncomplaining endurance of such bondage is the noblest fulfilment of life's duty. This is why the really great issues of life come to the surface of things only once in awhile, and why we refuse to live daily in the full realization of these issues. Such a realization might make calls upon us that would throw us out of harmony with the whole external condition of our lives. History warns us that such realizations drove the chosen of God into the wilderness, separated prophets from their kind, sent martyrs to the stake, saints and heroes to worldly defeat and death. Simplicity does not always lead by the pathway of small and obscure endeavor, but sometimes strips the life free from the delusions and procrastinations of the moment by such a vivid realization of things to come that present and immediate values are swept out of the way, as we cancel and discard our laborious little columns of figures once we have worked out the final answer to a problem.

Perhaps no characteristic of our age is more disturbing and indeed more contemptible to the sane and quiet judgment that

holds aloof from the turmoil of things, than the chronic disposition of the crowd not only to be interested in merely the affairs of the present moment, but, after carrying that interest to the point of intoxication, to react from its temporary infatuation with a facility that fills the sober-minded with disgust. Popularity has come to be almost a synonym of inferiority, by a singular contrivance of its original sense. The criterion of an honest purpose in holding high public office is the courage to fail rather than the ability to succeed in retaining the favor which bestowed the office. There must needs be a certain coarseness of fibre in anyone who can swim for long upon the high tide of popular opinion. Men of finer mould would not pay the price for favor with the mob that the coarser natures are exempt from who have no sensibilities or reserves to sacrifice in their bid for popularity. Even upon mob intelligence it seems to dawn at last that superiority and value are things not out for show in the market-place; that nobility of character does not parade in print; and one may reasonably prognosticate a time when the supreme mark of distinction and merit in a human life will be that it has lived out its allotted period of existence without ever getting its name into print either in praise or blame.

If this be the tendency of the sentiment of popularity, what value is there to the test of popularity in voicing the people's will at the ballot-box? Does the result of that ballot represent to the people an ideal or an idol? After all, while the issue as embodied in the final choice of the people for their chief ruler seems to be the important thing, it is almost trivial when considered in the light of those deep and vital tendencies, aspirations, ideals, sentiments, convictions, errors, weaknesses and ignorances out of the sum of which is chosen a figure-head that for a brief period stands officially for the people's will. The important thing in the working out of this great problem of expressing the will of the people is not the result when the ballots are counted, but what revelations of the heart of the people were made during the throes of the campaign? Things come to the surface during great political or national campaigns that were kept out of sight as irrelevant issues during apathetic periods of peacefulness. Amid the haranguing of political charlatans we sometimes catch a note

of prophecy that would startle the one who uttered it as much as those who hear it, were he conscious of its significance.

The political candidates in a national election may be all that the inflated praise of their respective parties would make them out to be, or they may fall so far short of meriting this praise personally as to be worse than the blackest representations of the opposing faction would hold them up to be. The critical thing is not the summing up of evidence on either side, is not the merit of a man in the eyes of his followers, but it is what these followers are trying to express when they seize upon a leader, it is what they would utter out of the depths of their convictions and realizations when they set up a man as the symbol of their beliefs and desires.

Alongside of the wish of the multitude to express an ideal or to enthrone an idol the mere personal triumph of the man himself must fade into insignificance. Likewise may his personal defeat be a matter of trivial consequence, unless that defeat carries down with it some upward struggling promise to realize an ideal perhaps too vague and indefinable as yet to frame into the form of an idol. By a strange perversion of human nature's tendencies it is not until the ideal has assumed the shape of an idol that it wins the recognition and applause of the multitude. The idol is set up only when the ideal has passed like a dream. It is out of such insubstantial things as dreams and visions and longings that the people shape their idols. Yet when they have reached this stage, the spell of the idol's power is broken, for it has not realized the dream and the prophecy of its birth. It is sometimes well that the people enthrone the idol they have been worshipping in their hearts, in order that they may see what a caricature it is upon the ideal they dreamed of. The realization of an ideal most often waits upon the triumph of an idol and the swift dethronement which follows in the wake of a reaction from illusion.

To trace the development of a sentiment in the hearts of a people is often to learn of what stuff its idols are made. About the time when the Orthodox Christianity and definite religious belief of the last generation began to weaken under the strictures of modern scientific research the "back to nature" sentiment of recent times had its birth. Out of its development grew those

splendid reforms and improvements in medical science and health culture which our present generation is profiting by. But what exaggerations has this development gone into as it took its growth, and what a perversion from the original sentiment of simplicity and truth out of which it sprung is our latter-day idolatry of coarse, cruel physical power! Why has *gold* become the symbol that expresses the most invincible standard of the nation's greatness? and why have all other issues of our recent national campaigns been subordinated to the triumph of gold? *Because the reign of purely material power can be sustained only by a purely physical force.* And so the great "quadrennial auction," as it has come to be called, takes place, and the party that wins buys its triumph with gold.

"The real patriot in this country is he who sees most clearly what the nation *ought* to desire," said George William Curtis in his address on the American Doctrine of Liberty. "We may err and falter in our judgment as to what is true, fair or right; we may turn away from our duty when we know it, but . . . we can never doubt that we *ought* to be in sympathy with men of goodwill and out of sympathy with the insincere, the selfish, the low-minded."¹ To realize what we ought to desire to be may be only a promise of what we shall be, and the distance between promise and fulfilment may seem to stretch into infinitude. Yet, "remember," said elsewhere this hero of political reform, "the greatness of a country is not in the greatness of its (material) achievements but in its promise—a promise that cannot be fulfilled without that sovereign moral sense, without a sensitive moral conscience."

The issue then hangs not upon the triumph or defeat of a political party, but upon the promise of our awakening conscience in the nation and upon the courage of the nation's people in facing the realizations that the "signs of the times" have forced upon them.

"For very sooth
Kings are but wraiths, republics fade like rain,
Peoples are reaped and garnered like the grain,
And only that persists which is the truth."

A. A. MCGINLEY.

New York City.

¹ *Lex Orandi*, p. 14.

A POET OF DEATH.

Although William Cullen Bryant, the American poet, attained the ripe old age of 84, the thought of death seems to have haunted his genius from early boyhood. He was born in November, the day after "All Souls'," which fact might be suggestive of the temper, had he been raised amid surroundings that made remembrance of the dead part of a pious mother's devout meditation. But as he was of Puritan stock we may look safely for the preference of the sombre which characterizes his verse in that direction. Certainly his muse spins the black thread of death all through the woof of his poetry. Lucian's "Dialogues of the Dead" are among his first translations. His *Melodies of Death*, a collection of poems, and *Thanatopsis, or a View of Death*, inspired by Blair's poem, "The Grave," are among his boyhood's earliest productions, though they were not at once published. His first love is attended by disappointment, and he sings of his departed Galatea as buried in the dark and silent tomb. It is curious to note what phantom shapes and strange contrasts the thought of death suggests to the ever reverent mind of the poet. Thus *The Old Man's Funeral* and the *The Child's Funeral* bear little resemblance in thought apart from the theme, although similar in metrical construction.

I saw an aged man upon his bier,
 His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
 A record of the cares of many a year ;
 Cares that were ended and forgotten now.

And then follow the words of another hoary man who addresses the by-standers :

"Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead ?
 Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
 Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast—
 Why weep ye then for him . . .
 His youth was innocent ; his ripper age,
 Marked with some act of goodness, every day ;
 And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
 Faded his late declining years away."

On the shore of Sorento, within sight of Mount Vesuvius, the shining flowers are gathered for the dead while "the soft air sad-

dens with funeral chimes" announcing the burial rite of a little child, "a playful, smiling one, all the day long caressing and caressed," that had

"Died, when his little tongue had just begun
To lisp the names of those he loved the best."

The grief-stricken parents, the little sisters wearying them to tell "when their dear Carlo would awake from sleep," are gathered around the child's bier :

Within an inner room his couch they spread,
His funeral couch ; with mingled grief and love
They laid a crown of roses on his head . . .
And scattered round him, on his snowy sheet,
Laburnum's strings of sunny-colored gems,
Sad hyacinth and violet dim and sweet
And orange blossoms on their dark green stems.
And now the hour is come—the priest is there,—
Torches are lit—the bells are tolled—they go,
With solemn rites of blessing and of prayer,
To lay those dear remains in earth below.

By a seeming miracle the child in the coffin suddenly awakes on his strange couch, and wholly unconscious of the thoughts which had occupied the by-standers, breaks forth in innocent mirth at the sight of the beautiful flowers, and

. . . gayly shakes
In his full hands, the blossoms blue and white,
And smiles with winking eyes, like one who wakes
From a deep slumber at the morning light.

A similar instance of artistic contrast is found in the poems *An Indian at the Burial Place of his Fathers* and a reverie simply entitled *The Burial Place*. In the former we have an Indian returning to the spot whence his tribe had departed to give place to the white man, where had been his father's ancient burial-place, as he knows from "the upland bank which sends out a ridge toward the river side." But the place is changed :

A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns, so fresh and green,
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

He would recall the forest dense and dark, where the gray chief and gifted seer worshipped the god of thunder, whilst the full river's flowing waters filled the fresh wood with grateful melody.

Not so does the poet describe the visit of the white man whose sires upon England's pleasant shores

Left not their churchyards unadorned with flowers
Or blossoms ; and indulgent to the strong
And natural dread of man's last home, the grave,
Its frost and silence—they disposed around,
To soothe the melancholy spirit that dwelt
Too sadly on life's close, the forms and hues
Of vegetable beauty.

He mentions the plants that speak of a source of energy beneath the grave, symbolizing life's ways and hopes. Thus

. . . On the infant's little bed,
Wet at its planting with maternal tears,
Emblem of early sweetness, early death,
Nestled the lowly primrose.

The riper age of youth is pictured in the spot

Where the sweet maiden, in her blossoming years,
Cut off, was laid with streaming eyes ; and hands
That trembled as they placed her there : the rose
Sprung modest, on bowed stalk, and better spoke
Her graces, than the proudest monument.

A kindred antithesis, which sometimes appears like parallelism, may be discovered in such compositions on death as *The Knight's Epitaph* and *Monument Mountain* ; *The Death of Aiathar* and *The Disinterred Warrior* ; " *No man knoweth his grave*" and " *Blessed are they that mourn*," *The Hymn to Death* and *The Burial of Love*, *The Two Graves* and *The Conqueror's Grave*.

But throughout these verses there ring notes of contentment with the present and hopefulness in the better future through God's mercy, which are hardly to be found in the work of models whom Cullen Bryant had at one time or other admired. Kirke White, for example, had written on immortality in his *Athanatos*, and he had written on death in *Thanatos* and other poems, but his verses were but the echoes of that discontent which finds fuller

expression in the unfinished verses on *Despair*. Our poet on the contrary loves the brighter, we should say the Catholic, views of life. Hence he was fond of the Spanish writers, as his translations from Leonardo de Argensola and from Luis Ponce de Leon, notably the latter's *The Life of the Blessed*, among his religious pieces attest. In this poem Bryant pictures "The Good Shepherd" with all his flock around him, while

From his sweet lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies, of power to still
All passions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

The poet sees him in the region of life and light where after death the good whose earthly toils are over rest; where neither frost nor heat may blight the vernal beauty of the fertile shores, yielding their blessed fruits for evermore. Hence he prays that he may be of that company and there hear the shepherd's sweet invitation.

Might but a little part,
A wandering breath of that high melody,
Descend into my heart,
And change it till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, oh love, in thee!

Ah! then my soul should know,
Beloved, where thou liest at noon of day,
And from this place of woe
Released, should take its way
To mingle with thy flock and never stray.

OUR "DIES IRAE" CONTRIBUTIONS.

It is now more than twenty-one years since Mr. Orby Shipley contributed to the *Dublin Review* an elaborate essay entitled "Fifty Versions of *Dies Irae*," which served both to illustrate the power exercised by the great hymn over the intellects and hearts of its many votaries and to point the way to an approximate finality in the matter of translation.

In the course of that admirable paper on comparative hymnology its author several times acknowledged indebtedness for helpful references to an unnamed friend "who contemporaneously

and unknown to him has made a far larger collection of versions than the present one—a collection which includes all the translations from America and two fresh British ones, one from the collector's own pen.”¹ The author points (p. 51) to the fact that “two early renderings have been discovered by the research of another, and are left for the discoverer himself to make public,”—a reference to the same collector. Further on (p. 74) he acknowledges indebtedness “for a copy of the translated sequence contained in the edition of the *Following of Christ*, named and quoted above,” to the “friend who has made *Dies Irae* a study for years.” He remarks that “as this rendering will probably be published at no great interval of time, and as the credit of discovery belongs elsewhere, but a slender use of it has been made in this place.” Finally, in the continuation of Mr. Shipley's paper in the April issue of the same Review, there is (pp. 374-7) a long quotation from a letter of the “friend who has made *Dies Irae* the study of years, and of whose collection of English translations—numbering considerably more than one hundred—there is now every prospect of the publication.” This letter from the “friend” ends with a footnote signed “C. F. S. W.”

The hope and expectation thus expressed and reiterated, that the results of the long labors of “C.F.S.W.” should be published, was destined never to be realized. Although the grandeur of *Dies Irae* might well merit such a tribute, the scheme was in truth somewhat monumental in character; for a collection of “considerably more than one hundred” translations would have made a volume of no mean dimensions. Besides this difficulty of publication, such a collection must contain not a little dross mixed with the pure gold; and, withal, would in a few years be very much out of date, as would be seen immediately by glancing at the table of English and American versions published by “C.F.S.W.” in the London *Athenæum*, July 26, 1890. That indefatigable gleaner had, in the less than eight years separating the appearance of Mr. Shipley's article in the *Dublin Review* from that of the *Athenæum* tabulation, been able to swell his list from “considerably more than one hundred” to one hundred and fifty-five. More anon of this excellent list published by Mr. C. F. S. Warren in the

¹ *Dublin Review*, Jan., 1883, p. 54.

Athenæum. Needless to say, many translations have appeared since that date, while it is fair to surmise that a comparison of this list with the table given in Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, as also with the bibliography of *Dies Irae* in English version, compiled by Mr. John Edmands, the librarian of the Mercantile Library of Philadelphia, and issued in 1884, would discover some few translations passed over by one or other collector. It is our hope to make such a detailed comparison, and to bring the tabulation down to date, should leisure and the kind assistance of correspondents permit. Meanwhile, however, it is pleasant to reflect that while the growing list of translators makes a complete collection of versions into English a practical impossibility for any publisher, there have not been wanting to the ardent lover of *Dies Irae* volumes which have found it possible to include several of the most noted renderings. Everybody is aware of the unique volume in which Dr. Coles, a physician of Newark, presented to the public no less than thirteen versions from his own pen. Of these, the first six were written in triplets of trochaic eights, thus imitating exactly the metre of the original Latin; the succeeding five, in triplets of trochaic sevens; the twelfth, in triplets of iambic eights, and the thirteenth, in quatrains of iambic eights. The volume appeared in 1859 and soon passed into its fifth edition. In 1868 appeared *The Seven Great Hymns of the Mediæval Church*, containing eight renderings of the hymn by various authors. In 1892, Mr. W. Stryker published three of his own versions in a little volume. All of these volumes contained the Latin text as found in the Roman Missal, while Dr. Coles added the texts known as the "Mantuan marble" and "Haemmerlin" texts.

The table given in the *Dictionary of Hymnology* (referred to above) was compiled by Mr. Warren and Mr. W. T. Brooke. While the *Dictionary* bears the date of 1892, and the table published by Mr. Warren in the *Athenæum* bears the date of 1890, the earlier date represents a later revision of the table, as the first pages of the *Dictionary* passed through the press some ten years before the final appearance of the completed work.

The finest gains of a comparative study of English versions of the hymn are to be found, however, not in a volume of com-

plete translations (which must of necessity be few in number at the best), but by comparing selected stanzas from the better versions with a view of perfecting the good, and by comparing these with poorer selections with a view of indicating what to avoid in translation. In this field of comparative hymnology, Dr. Schaff (in the magazine *Hours at Home*, in two issues, 1868); Mr. Shipley (in the article already referred to, in the *Dublin Review* for January and April, 1883); and Mr. Warren (in the Manuscript volume which will appear serially in *THE DOLPHIN*) have labored with much success, each in a different way. While Mr. Shipley selected fifty versions for analysis, Mr. Warren considered no less than ninety-seven, which must be acknowledged to have been a very complete list for the date at which he made his analysis (1882.) While Mr. Shipley's endeavor was to construct ideal versions by selection of typical and excellent strophes from his collection of renderings, Mr. Warren considered separately the difficulties of strophe after strophe in the original Latin, illustrated these difficulties from the English versions, and by approval of some and condemnation of others, practically pointed the way to a single ideal version of the great hymn.

The first installment of Mr. Warren's essay appears in the present issue of *THE DOLPHIN*, and forms an introduction to the more detailed analysis which is to appear serially in the succeeding issues.

NEW INDULGENCES.

INVOCATION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS AT THE END OF MASS.

The Holy Father has granted a special Indulgence (7 yrs and 7 quadr.) for the devout recitation of the ejaculatory: *Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us!* This invocation is to be repeated thrice after the prayers recited at the end of Low Masses by the priest and congregation. The Indulgence is applicable to the souls departed. (S. C. I., June 17, 1904. Cf. *THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW* for the text of the document.)

Criticisms and Notes.

IDEALS OF SCIENCE AND FAITH. Essays by various authors. Edited by the Rev. J. E. Hand (Editor of Good Citizenship). New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; London: George Allen. 1904. Pp. 333.

I.

Although the writers of these Essays on Science and Religion express their views from widely different standpoints and quite independently of each other in thought and treatment, the symposium is more than an attempt to present merely a group of articles upon a common theme. It is professedly an expression of the aspirations of leading minds to combine scientific and religious activity toward the realization of man's highest ideals. These ideals make for enjoyment, but enjoyment which is at the same time action. "Let the religious become scientific, and the scientific religious; then there may be peace. But the only true peace is active peace, constructive peace." It is then for the purpose of formulating these aspirations from the scientific and the religious points of view, that men of different schools, different spheres of scientific activity and religious conviction, are called upon to state some definite proposition in their own field of action, which is to be elucidated and defended, with the purpose of drawing a clearer distinction than has in the opinion of the editor been hitherto done between the elemental sense of things from the standpoint of observational science, and their widest *significance* "from the highest standpoint of man's mental, moral, social, religious evolution" (Introd. xviii). Thus the compiler hopes that the pretended antagonism between religion and science will at least in great part disappear through the recognition that the ideals common to both are "not only numerous, but are indeed the very ideals for which the nobler spirits on both sides care most." The book before us is therefore intended as a sort of suggestive programme for a coöperative campaign on behalf of the ideals common to both the theological and scientific thought of the day. The different writers are selected from among the best representatives of various fields of scientific and religious

⁵ *Purgatory*, pp. 118, 119.

teaching in England, and they are supposed to point out the approaches toward the desired unification from their respective positions. The "Physicist's Approach" is indicated by Sir Oliver Lodge, of the University of Birmingham. Professors Arthur Thompson of Aberdeen and Patrick Geddes represent the "Biologist's Approach." "A Psychological Approach" is the theme of Professor Muirhead's essay. Victor Branford discusses the "Sociological Approach;" Hon. Bertrand Russel, author of *The Principles of Mathematics*, deals with the "Ethical Approach," and Professor Geddes with the "Educational Approach" from its technical viewpoint.

Religion is represented by the Presbyterian author of *The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson*, the Rev. John Kelman. The Rev. Mr. Bayne speaks for "The Church of England," Wilfrid Ward for the "Church of Rome," and the Rev. Philip N. Waggett has a paper on "The Church as seen from Outside," by which the author means the Church of England, which is evidently also the religious body in which the editor of these essays has most faith for the attaining of the desired union.

II.

But the men who speak here for science are men who believe in that personal Divine Intelligence which is the source of the physical as well as the moral order. Sir Oliver Lodge holds that all the energy to which physical operations bear witness, regarded scientifically, is but the action of the totality of things trying to improve itself, striving still to evolve something higher, holier, and happier out of an inchoate mass. Evolution, development is the normal existence of things physical, and whatever is not self-contradictory or inconsistent with other truth is *possible*. He knows how to distinguish between the assumptions of a scientist and the inductive teaching of orthodox science, and makes a good point when he criticizes Professor Tyndall's statement that it is unscientific to pray for rain, because the granting of the prayer would involve interference with necessary conditions and well-known physical laws. Says Professor Tyndall:

"The principle (of the conservation of energy) teaches us that the Italian wind, gliding over the crest of the Matterhorn, is as firmly ruled as the earth in its orbital revolution round the sun; and that the fall of its vapor into clouds is exactly as much a matter of necessity as the return of the seasons. The dispersion, therefore, of the slightest mist by the special volition of the Eternal, would be as much a miracle as the rolling of the Rhone over the Grimsel precipices, down the valley of Hasli to Meyringen and Brienz. . . . Without the disturbance of a natural law, quite as serious as the stoppage of an eclipse, or the rolling of the river Niag-

ara up the Falls, no act of humiliation, individual or national, could call one shower from heaven, or deflect toward us a single beam of the sun."

Upon this statement Sir Oliver Lodge comments as follows:

"Certain objections may be made to this statement of Professor Tyndall's, even from the strictly scientific point of view: the law of conservation of energy is needlessly dragged in when it has nothing to do with it. We ourselves, for instance, though we have no power, nor hint of any power, to override the conservation of energy, are yet readily able, by a simple physical experiment, or by an engineering operation, to deflect a ray of light, or to dissipate a mist, or divert a wind, or pump water up-hill. . . . Further objections may be made to the form of the statement, notably, the word *therefore* as used to connect propositions entirely different in their terms. But the meaning is quite plain, nevertheless, and the assertion is, that any act, however simple, if achieved by special volition of the Eternal, would be a miracle; and the implied dogma is, that the special volition of the Eternal can, or at any rate does, accomplish nothing whatever in the physical world. And this dogma, although not really a deduction from any of the known principles of physical science, may, nevertheless, be taken as a somewhat exuberant statement of the generally-accepted inductive teaching of orthodox science on the subject.

"It ought, however, to be admitted at once by Natural Philosophers that the unscientific character of prayers for rain depends really not upon its conflict with any known physical law, since it need involve no greater interference with the order of nature than is implied in a request to a gardener to water the garden—it does not really depend upon the impossibility of causing rain to fall when otherwise it might not—but upon *the disbelief of science in any power who can and will attend and act.*"

A similar common-sense critique exposing and clearing away the dogmatic assumptions of infidel science, pervades the arguments of the other writers on the various approaches to the ideal of truth from the established position of physical and ethical science. Hence we may dispense here with a separate analysis of the articles. In point of method, however, one of the most interesting of the group of writers is Mr. Branford, who deals with the subject of sociological approach to the religion of Idealism. He is at once analytical and practical, and although we may agree neither with his philosophy nor with his hopes of its efficiency, he commands the respectful attention of the public educator by his mode of presenting the subject.

The keynote of Mr. Branford's contention is summed up in this: "Let the Religious Idealists, purging themselves of formalism, laying aside desanctified ceremonialism, take the lead in combining the Naturalists, the Workers, the Humanists, the Educationalists, the Evolutionists, and the Sages into one joint movement for the awakening of the young, for the salving of the Degenerate, for the conversion of the Unregenerate." This is the proposition which Mr. Branford makes to the leaders of our generation, in religion, in the professions,

and in all the practical pursuits of life. To show *how* the different elements are to combine, the author gives us a diagram in which their relative position and attitude toward the common aim or centre are indicated. There are six classes of men whose coöperation the priest as representative of the Religion of Ideals is to bring into harmonious action, that is, to draw to a common centre of united activity. They are the philosopher, the historian, the politician, the literary man and artist, the industrialist, and the scientist.

Each of these classes, whilst they may all profess social unity, has nevertheless certain group-interests which must be either eliminated or combined. Moreover, in each class two sets are to be distinguished according as they represent the theoretical and the practical interests of the different groups. Thus among the philosophers we have the dialecticians and the real thinkers (sages); among the industrialists there are the financiers and the workers; among the literary men and artists we must distinguish the stylist from the humanist, and so on. The class which touches the practical issues of life is always nearer to the ideal centre than the speculating element which recedes toward the ceremonialist or formalist in religion represented by the outer circle.

All this is made palpable in a figure which exemplifies the attitude described and points out how, from the sociological point of view, the reformer is to go about approaching the class of men with whom he deals and whom he is to lead to the central ideal.

III.

It will hardly do to pass without comment the article of Professor Geddes which deals with the "Educational Approach" in its practical sense. The author divides his subject into two main parts. In the first he pleads mainly for greater unification of purpose, for toleration, for coördination of specialisms which at present separate from or antagonize each other in the educational work. Whilst he recognizes that there is a sameness of the ultimate ideal, he points out the bigotry which maintains with dogmatic insistence that this ideal can be reached only in one way. The narrowness is not confined to individuals; it encompasses whole nations. "Witness England strengthening her Church schools, while France is suppressing the teaching of her religious orders." Looking at the causes of this difference and the pleadings on both sides constructively, we see that each has a partial ideal, and in so far a good one. In a similiar way he regards the ex-

aggregations of principles claiming the need of authority on the one hand, and of freedom on the other. Under plea of rejecting one autocrat we invite another with only a different name. *Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose*, says a French proverb ; and so it is. France drives out the religious from fear of being priest-ridden, and it takes in the politicians with the certainty of becoming a slave to a State force which is fed by Masonic agitation. We dread the anarchical rule of Socialist republicanism, and we advocate a democracy that is but a misnomer for imperialism or the dictatorship of some astute leader. "If we are to submit to authority, let us select some authority better worth submitting to than *My Lord's* ; let us return," says Professor Geddes, "to the Church, the Pope, the Fathers, to Aristotle or Moses" (p. 184). But he points out a *via media* which reconciles extremes by mutual toleration and aims at harmonizing Idea and Form into living Art.

In the second part of his essay Professor Geddes pleads for *technical education* as a means of unifying the aspirations of the classes. Wisdom and labor, the reflective experience of the urban craftsman, the use in short of mind and body in all avocations of life, combined makes for sympathy, for health of mind and body, for the realization of common high ideals. Who will deny it? It is the image of the "Carpenter's Son" who came to bring peace and peace through the sword of action and suffering. But then have we not the teaching of that "Carpenter's Son," and has it not been in operation to test its fullest wisdom and application for two thousand years? Is not the life and teaching of the Church the expression of that experience? But where is *the* Church? This question is answered in the four final essays which are intended to clear the outlook upon the desired union of science with faith whereby we are to realize the true Ideal.

IV.

The author of "A Presbyterian Approach" sees signs of a coming *rapprochement* between science and religion, such as has never been witnessed in the past. It is forty years since Dr. Martineau wrote : "Science discloses the method of the world but not its cause : Religion its cause but not its method ; and there is no conflict between them except when either forgets its ignorance of what the other alone can know." Believing that there should be no actual conflict between true science and true religion, and that in fact the advocates of both are coming to understand each other, the Rev. Mr. Kelman goes on

to trace an outline of the general course of relations between science and religion in the Presbyterian Church. Thus he hopes, by discovering the causes of their former misunderstanding to make clear the lines upon which they may approach and in the future coöperate. In briefly sketching the history of the Presbyterian Church, as it exhibits its activity in Scotland from the time of John Calvin to this day, the author brings out the failure of the Lutheran Doctrine of Inspiration. He admits that it "was amusingly elastic," and that the Reformers' "canons of judgment" were "subjective in the extreme;" and if Calvin's theory was broader, it was still too rigid to admit that the scientific ideas of any part of the Bible were simply those of the age when that part was written, that is to say, neither more nor less accurate than the rest of contemporary science. Here then lies the opportunity as well as the duty of Presbyterianism to take its share along with other Christian Churches, in the general progress of thought. And this the author believes the Presbyterian Church is prepared to do and is actually doing.

The Rev. Ronald Bayne takes high altruistic ground in his "Church of England Approach." If he does not deny the existence of noble qualities in John Calvin and in the Puritan reformers, he also allows that "no honest and sensible student of mediæval times will fail to perceive how truly the mediæval Empire-Church was the nursery of the European nationalities." He is convinced that whilst "the Church of England and the Church of Rome severed their connection with each other as organizations," the spiritual bonds which originally made them one cannot be cut. "Mother and daughter remain mother and daughter in spite of renouncings and disinheritings." On this ground he pleads for mutual recognition rather than for union which would call for the submission of Englishmen to any external authority.

Mr. Waggett, who is asked to describe the attitude of the English Church as offering an approach to the common Ideal, views the Anglican Establishment as one outside. He, too, pleads for mutual recognition, although in a somewhat different sense from his fellow-contributor of the Anglican Church. "I am not pleading merely for a conciliatory temper, or for giving another man credit for good intentions, but for the remembrance, under the stress of the intellectual confusion of which I spoke, that possibly there is no confusion in the other man's own mind." We are, then, to awaken ourselves to the hopeful suspicion that other men are right as well as sincere, and dis-

tribute our inquiry into the motives of credibility and belief more widely. This very naturally leads to the question: What becomes of the Church? The author meets the difficulty by giving us a definition of the Church. The Church is "a reality of spirit, in spirit, evident to spirit, real in point of fact only for spirits, and those only in the particular condition of obedience, of conversion." Evidently we have here a broad basis, too broad for exclusion until we get the terms of the condition—namely, of obedience and conversion. And then the question arises as to the limits and constitution of this Church of spirit, and as to the value of outward things in religion. The author answers these questions by a figure. "The Church, which cannot be defined like a geometrical figure by its limiting line, is defined, and with absolute certainty, by its blazing centre" (p. 291). In this sense the High Churchman, for whom Mr. Waggett argues, is able to be most liberal with regard to others, whilst with himself he is strict and unswerving from the path of light. The result of this reasoning is a certain mist which only a sense of inner consciousness, we presume, can dispel.

V.

The last chapter is devoted to "A Church of Rome Approach," by Mr. Wilfrid Ward. Mr. Ward considers it essential that in endeavoring to formulate a plan of conciliation which takes cognizance of the trend and achievements of science and of the truths of religion, we must start from the viewpoint of religious faith. From this basis he seeks to demonstrate that the constitution of the Catholic Church is suited, ideally, for the necessary mental adjustments, "apart from the consideration of certain practical difficulties which make the general assimilation of new truths slower among Catholics than in other religious bodies." And here we find a clear outline of the way in which Catholic dogma meets the new science, preserving the deposit of truth from the ruthless application of a disintegrating criticism which takes no account of values but only of deficiencies. We should wish to reproduce this argument in full here, but the reader of the volume must satisfy himself by a comparison of Mr. Ward's statements with those that precede them in this symposium. He wisely admits that there appears to be an excessive jealousy on the part of the Church to maintain Christian tradition against the proclaimed results of modern science; and that this attitude excites a suspicion that the Church may be antagonistic to science, because she is always slow and hence mostly behind the advocates of scientific progress; but he also points

out that this jealousy for the maintenance of Christian tradition would seem to be a less serious charge than that of over-great hastiness in reconstruction.

H. H.

OUR LIFE IN PARADISE. By the Rev. E. A. Down, M.A. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Viscount Halifax. London: Rivingtons. Pp. xxx—304.

Lord Halifax's name on the title-page of a book is sufficient guarantee that it will contain nothing "offensive to pious Catholic ears." That assurance is not falsified, to any appreciable extent, in the volume before us. His Lordship's Preface is in every way worthy of his name as a lover of the peace of Jerusalem who has done as much as any man living to break down the wall of separation between the Anglican Schism and the Catholic Church, by pleading for a recognition of Catholic doctrine in its true meaning, as distinguished from the distortions of hostile prejudice, on the part of members of his own communion. In the present case his efforts are directed toward the making plain, with a view to their adoption, of the Catholic doctrines of Purgatory and the Invocation of Saints. He shows with singular insight into the deep feelings of those mourning for the lately dead, and a touching tenderness for their suffering, that the Church of Christ makes the only sufficient answer to the questionings and murmurings of sorely stricken hearts when she tells them, on the one hand, that death is but a passing episode—the door leading to a higher and an ampler life—and, on the other, that no one need despair of the ultimate happiness of any soul which has not "irrevocably broken with God" here, resisting to the end every solicitation of His grace, since there is a place of cleansing and preparation, provided through Divine mercy, in the future life for those whose frailties prevent them from approaching at once the awful light of God's perfect sanctity. "It is only as we accept the truth of the Church's teaching and conform to her practice in regard to the dead, that we shall have reason . . . to despair of no one's salvation, and . . . not to canonize those who, far from being fit for heaven, need all our prayers, and all the help we can give them, to enable them to bear the sight of the face of Jesus Christ, and the awakened consciousness of their own sin."

Lord Halifax concludes this section of his subject with a few words of well-merited contempt for the fashionable "memorial services" which insincere sentiment has substituted for the solemn

Requiem with "its cry for mercy, its appeal to the love which sought the woman who was a sinner, which welcomed the thief upon the Cross," and "its pleading of the one all-availing Sacrifice for the poor sinner now gone to his account."

He is equally at home in his treatment of the Invocation of the Saints. A quotation from *The Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Foster, M.P.*, on the homely *domestic* character of Catholic churches on the Continent, serves as a text for an instructive exposition of the article in the Creed, "I believe in the Communion of Saints," with its practical bearing on the life of the Christian here below. The Catholic is completely at home in his church, because it is to him in a very real sense the House of Invisible Friends as well as the Sanctuary of God. He has relationship and intercourse with the Saints before whose shrines he kneels "scarcely less intimate and familiar than that between (him) and the friends of this present life." In a passage of unusual eloquence Lord Halifax dilates on the encouragement, the sympathy, the consolation, afforded to the toiling wayfarer on earth, beset with temptations, half-dead with weariness, by the ever-present sense of his nearness to the great company of the blessed who have fought the good fight, and gained the crown of victory. "Were they," he asks, "called upon to suffer? So . . . were the blessed Saints now rejoicing in heaven. Did the purity and sanctity insisted on in the Gospel seem at times unattainable by mortal man? Were they discouraged and wearied, looking back, it may be, with longing eyes to the ease and freedom of the Egypt they had left? Those before whose altars they knelt, whose help they besought, were once men and women like themselves—men and women belonging to every rank and condition, whose lives had been lived under similar conditions to their own. . . . What room was there for discouragement amidst even the worst trials of life, when they meditated on these things?"

By a natural transition the writer passes on to the consideration of the Invocation of Saints—a practice inseparable from a realization of the fact of the vital membership between every part of the Body of Christ, whether at warfare or at rest. Does death, Lord Halifax exclaims indignantly, does *death* destroy this membership? It rather rivets more closely its bonds by bringing nearer to Jesus (the Head to whom the whole body is united), the Saints who have exchanged the uncertainty of life's fitful dream for the settled peace of Paradise, and who have become thereby far nearer in spirit to their brethren of the

Church Militant than they ever were on earth. "Believing in this fellowship, assured of its reality, knowing that the *Communion of Saints* was a fact and not a phrase, of course they invoked the blessed Saints."

Such touch with the denizens of the Unseen World through prayer is a demand of the soul conscious of their presence, influence, and power. "Naturam expellas furcâ: tamen usque recurret."¹ The foolish votaries of occultism, spirit-rapping, and necromancy in America and England, manifest by the extravagant lengths reached by their credulity a craving for that legitimate intercourse between heaven and earth sanctioned by the Catholic Church and practised by generations of devout Christians in East as well as West.

Very forcible too is Lord Halifax's insistence upon the relation between the merits of the Saints and the whole Body of which they are very members incorporate. In the Church of Christ the prayers and sufferings of each avail for all, since none lived or died only to themselves, and all are saved as members of a body. The Saints are not dead but alive—living before God and living again in their good deeds on earth whereby the defects of a weak brother are remedied, or the hands of another strengthened in the common conflict of the same mystical Body of which saint and sinner are alike living members.

We have given prominence to Lord Halifax's pages because we have seldom seen the Catholic doctrine on the state of the Faithful Departed, and our relation to them, more clearly and convincingly stated. Catholics will thank him for the good work he has done, wishing him every success in his efforts to spread the Faith among his fellow-countrymen, and assuring him of their willingness to comply with the touching request of his concluding words to "remember him before the Altar of God, when the great Sacrifice is offered for the living and the dead, and that his name may sometimes be mentioned to those Glorified Friends of God—the Saints—that at their prayers and intercession those good things may be granted him which his own unworthiness makes him unfit either to ask or receive."

The work itself bears out the promise of its valuable introduction. Mr. Down writes, on the whole, much as any Catholic theologian might do on such objects as "Immortality;" "The Disembodied Soul;" "The Activities of the Unseen World;" "The Cleansing Fires;" "The Spirits in Prison;" "Our Relation and Duties toward

¹ Horace, Ep. 1, X 24.

the Blessed Dead ;” “ Invocation of Saints.” He states the Catholic doctrine of the future life (except for one or two passages written perhaps under a pardonable misapprehension) in a popular and readable while theologically accurate form. One or two of the chapters strike one as too much of the nature of boiled-down sermons for a theological treatise ; *e. g.*, those on “ Immortality ” (with its familiar “ Just one word, in conclusion, by way of practical application ”) and on “ The Spirits in Prison ” (a diffuse, not over-clear piece of homiletic adorned with diverse patches of poetry from hymn-books and other sources) might have been omitted without any serious loss.

The best sections in the book are on Purgatory and Invocation. We can congratulate the author on his accurate knowledge of the Catholic doctrine on the first point, as defined at Trent and expressed in mediæval times by St. Catherine of Genoa in her famous treatise, later by St. Francis of Sales, and, in our own day, by Cardinal Newman in his *Dream of Gerontius*. It is true that he interprets with a crude literalness, natural to a phlegmatic Englishman incapable of reading the thoughts of a warm-blooded Italian, or of a highly-strung imaginative poet, certain wayside pictures common in some parts of Southern Europe where purgatory is painted in all the lurid colors of hell, similar ghastly realistic paintings by mediæval ecclesiastical artists, and stray passages from Faber’s prose and poetical works which do not err on the side of moderation or restraint of expression ; and proceeds to condemn, on such slender evidence, what he terms “ the popular system ” of Romanism. We do not think, however, that this passage materially detracts from the value of the work, for Mr. Down is careful to point out that our authorized doctrine, outlined in the ancient prayer—“ Qui nos præcesserunt cum signo fidei, et dormiunt in signo pacis ”—that still forms a part of the Canon of the Mass, and discussed in detail by St. Catherine of Genoa, St. Francis of Sales, and Cardinal Newman, is careful to combine the two aspects of Purgatory, pain and peace. “ I do not believe,” writes the first great mystical Saint, “ that it would be possible to find any joy comparable to that of a soul in Purgatory, except the joy of the blessed in Paradise. . . . On the other hand, they suffer a torment so extreme that no tongue could describe it . . . ”² “ The very bitterness of [the soul’s] purgation,” says St. Francis, “ is attended with a feeling of peace, so that if there be keen suffer-

² *Treatise on Purgatory* : Card. Manning’s edition, pp. 5, 6, 8.

ing, there is also a heavenly love and sweetness which makes a very paradise."³

Newman's lines in his *Dream of Gerontius* beginning, "It is the face of the Incarnate God," are too well known to need recapitulation. And even Dr. Faber, in the very hymn⁴ criticised so severely by the author, says of the holy souls "bound amid the fires," that "pain and love [which surely implies peace] their spirits fill," and that

" with self-crucified desires
[They] utter *sweet* murmurs, and lie still."

Mr. Down's treatment of Invocation of Saints calls for nothing but praise. It is on the lines laid down so successfully in Lord Halifax's Introduction. The statement of the Catholic doctrine is as clear as the arguments in support of it are cogent. We would especially commend the author's answer in the affirmative to the two questions which cover the whole subject—(1) "Do Scripture and the Primitive Church warrant us in a belief that the Saints are engaged in intercession?" (2) "And if so, has the Church thought it right and possible that we can ask them to help us by their prayers?"—as just the thing to put in the hands of an earnest seeker after truth, perplexed by the specious nature of non-Catholic objections to the practice of Invocation. Mr. Down can appeal triumphantly to the witness of SS. Basil, Chrysostom, Gregory Nazianzen, Gregory of Nyssa, Ephrem Syrus, Ambrose, and Augustine; he can quote the Anglican writer, Canon Meson, to the effect that the practice is "unquestioned and unquestionable" at the "latter part of the fourth century;"⁵ and he clinches finally his argument in the pregnant phrase that "the great Fathers who fought so persistently against theological novelty in their battle for the Catholic Faith . . . beyond reasonable doubt practised invocation themselves, and taught it as an ordinary feature of Christian devotion."

The book in other parts as well shows an abundant knowledge of ancient and modern literature on the subject—ranging from Dante's *Inferno* to Dr. Briggs' *Christian Platonists*; the references in it to Holy Scripture are especially full, and likely to appeal to an Anglican audience. Although in logical arrangement, originality of thought, and wealth of illustration, it cannot be said to approach the level of

³ *The Spirit of St. Francis of Sales*, iii, §7.

⁴ Hymn 56, "Queen of Purgatory." The other references to Faber's works are to his *All for Jesus*, p. 348, and *Notes on Doctrinal Subjects*, ii, pp. 359, 366, 367.

⁵ *Purgatory*, pp. 118-119.

the Rev. R. E. Hutton's *The Soul in the Unseen World*, reviewed some months ago in our pages, it will, we doubt not, do a good work in bringing home to a class of readers deaf to the most eloquent dogmatic instructions from the Catholic pulpit or pen, the doctrine of the Church on the problems connected with the intermediate state.

WELCOME! Holy Communion—Before and After. By Mother Mary Loyola: Edited by Father Thurston, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904.

What exquisite forms of blessings manifold Mother Loyola has unfolded by her books during the last few years! As a rule she speaks to, and out of, the heart of the child; and because we all can understand and we all love the language of a child's heart, we find her writings so attractive and persuasive. The present volume is intended to suggest a form of Preparations and Thanksgivings for Holy Communion. The author does not furnish, as in a prayer-book, all the acts usual before and after the reception of the Blessed Eucharist, but rather proposes a dominant thought, to fall in with a mood, or need, or burden. "To nobody," as Father Thurston says in his, as always, admirably introductory preface, "do we feel a deeper gratitude than to one who can put into simple words the vague longings after good which we know not how to utter in any form that satisfies us." Now in this book many, probably most of us, will find the expression of what they have often deeply felt and been unable to put satisfactorily into words for themselves. To others the reading will prove a stimulus to fervor, without any admixture of those unrealities and pious extravagances which have become stereotyped, though they have never become true.

Everything in the book is not for every occasion on which we receive our Divine Lord in Holy Communion, nor for everybody. Just as circumstances will determine the character of our preparation for the visit of a guest, so here there must be variations in the manner of our Welcome, though it must always be true and sincere. Apart from this, it will at one time be jubilant, at another humble, now wistful, or sympathetic, or grateful, as praise or contrition, or desire, or trust and love determine the variations of the one chord "Welcome!"

Thus we are led to place ourselves into a mood kindred to the condition of our state, and the state itself is suggested by the comparisons which Mother Loyola makes. The "Welcome of Mary"

sets us an example of reverent affection which accompanies every phase of our devotion, whether we worship with the "Welcome of a Child," or the "Welcome of a Sinner," or the "Welcome of a Friend," or the "Welcome of a Patient," or the "Welcome of a Host," or the "Welcome of a Toiler," a "Suppliant," or a "Cross-bearer." She shows us the Welcome of faith, of praise, of trust, of love, down to the last sweet Welcome that must carry us with our Divine Guest in the Holy Viaticum.

Priests and Religious, get Mother Loyola's books, all of them! They are like spring-flowers with the scent of Heaven that give to us and our children the taste for the things above, the only true values on earth.

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

Apology of Ayliffe: Ellen Olney Kirk. *Houghton.* \$1.50.

A young lawyer whose ward, supposing herself to be rich, maintains many kinswomen, secretly supplies her with the necessary money after her own fortune is exhausted. Discovering this, and suspecting his affection for her, her mind and heart are gradually diverted from two suitors, one selfish, the other inconstant, and her apology for regarding him

merely as a professional adviser is to consent to marry him.

Beverly of Graustark: George Barr McCutcheon. *Dodd.* \$1.50.

A sequel to "Graustark" describing the wooing of a pretty American by the banished sovereign of a neighboring principality. Its incidents are too extravagant to be credible for a moment, although a few scenes are amusing

and ingenious. The heroine uses a dialect of mingled "cracker" and "Chimmie Fadden."

Bits of Gossip: Rebecca Harding Davis. *Houghton.* \$1.25 net.

The gossip deals in succession with Virginia, with Boston, and with the far South, with the Scotch-Irish in the United States, with the Civil War, adventurers, the Quakers, and distinguished persons. It is independent, original and valuable except in its dates, which often err. Its preface states the author's belief that it is the duty of every human being to leave a record of the spirit of his time.

Black Friday: Frederic S. Isham. *Bobbs.* \$1.50.

An excellent description of the financial episode mentioned in the title is the real climax of this book, in which President Grant is seen exactly as he was, and certain gold-room speculators are similarly exhibited. Added chapters describing the Commune are weaker, but historically accurate.

Classic Myths in Art: Julia De Wolfe Addison. *Page.* \$2.00.

About thirty-five pictures are reproduced, and many more, illustrating classic myths, are described. The nature of the pictures and some flippancy in the comment make the book unsuitable for young readers of either sex.

Compromises: Agnes Repplier. *Houghton.* \$1.10 net.

Fourteen charming essays for the most part on literary topics, and all touching literature at many points.

Confessions of Marguerite: Opie Read. *Rand.* \$1.50.

A country girl, deeming herself too highly educated to marry a farmer, goes to Chicago and discovers that she cannot live by painting, that her real level is that of the chorus-girl, and that city-life is full of dangers, and she is glad to return to her rustic lover. The revelations as to the insults offered to her makes disagreeable reading, unwholesome for any one except girls needing them as medicine.

Double Harness: Anthony Hope. *McClure.* \$1.50.

The solitary virtuous wife among the principal characters scolds her husband until he deliberately gives her cause to seek a divorce, and after brutally assaulting her little daughter she kills herself with chloral. The other women are forgiven by their husbands, and are left happy and comfortable.

Farmington: Clarence S. Darrow. *McClurg.* \$1.50.

A man's description of his childhood in a small town amid sordid home surroundings, from which he has preserved no memories not ugly except the character of his father, a profound student not understood by those about him. The childish misunderstanding of the world persists in the author's mind, and the book is cheerless and discouraging.

Flight of the Moth: Emily Post. *Dodd.* \$1.50.

A young widow travels about Europe, flirting with men of many

paces, but at last wearies of the pastime and marries an English peer who has long paid court to her. She is nothing worse than silly, but she sees more sin than edifies the reader.

Flower of Youth: Roy Rolfe Gilson. *Harper.* \$1.25.

The confessions and musings of a poor, unsuccessful, but happy man, who has kept his youth by loving unselfishly and is tenderly beloved by his wife and their two children and his saucy niece.

Friendship of Art: Bliss Carman. *Page.* \$1.50.

Essays written with conscientious care, setting high standards in art and criticism, and defending traditional religion against scepticism, and withal, full of common sense.

Gabriel Praed's Castle: Alice Jones. *Turner.* \$1.50.

An excellent story of the nets spread by a Parisian dealer in costly objects for a rich Canadian, who is persuaded to spend much money and is saved from greater folly only by the cleverness of his daughter's lover and the discoveries made by his daughter's friend.

God's Good Man: Marie Corelli. *Dodd.* \$1.50.

A long love story of which the hero is the author's ideal of a clergyman of the Church of England. It brings severe accusations against English society and attempts to confute scepticism by futile arguments.

Imperator et Rex: Anonymous. *Harper.* \$2.25.

A highly fanciful life of the German Emperor, bristling with insinuations against members of his family, and defending him against accusations never brought against him. Inaccurate statements as to private persons mentioned in the narrative strengthen the mistrust of the author growing naturally from her evident ill temper and from the nature of her former books.

Island of Tranquil Delights: Charles Warren Stoddard. *Turner.* \$1.00.

Hawaiian sketches written with great feeling and perfect art, well bound and illustrated with three photogravures.

Jiu Jitsu Combat Tricks: H. Irving Hancock. *Putnam.* \$1.35 net.

The lowest grades of the Japanese art of self defence are presented in this book with thirty-two pictures after photographs. The author fairly warns his readers that great care and long, diligent and continuous practice are necessary, but the tricks are as tempting as they are dangerous.

Love in Chief: Rose K. Weeks. *Harper.* \$1.50.

A penniless invalid and a rich member of Parliament upon whom he is dependent, pay court to a miserly rich man's daughter, a girl ignorant of all social observances, but clever and beautiful. She learns something from both, but while they seek fortune, in a

foreign land, she and her scape-grace brother encounter a brother and sister deeply learned in social wisdom and the two lovers return only to find a third in possession. The story is uncommonly well written and amusing.

Loves of Miss Anne: S. R. Crockett. *Dodd.* \$1.50.

The heroine, neglected by a nominally severe father and an indolent mother, amuses herself with the assistance of her companion, the supposed writer of the story, with playing mischievous tricks upon her suitors, and ends by marrying a man who has raised himself from a humble position for love of her.

Master's Violin: Myrtle Reed. *Putnam.* \$1.50.

A prettily bound holiday book containing a story illustrating the necessity of sorrow and suffering in the making of the artist. It very carefully sets forth the value of household science in a girl's education, and among its characters are an exquisite American gentlewoman and a true musical artist.

Micmac: S. Carleton. *Holt.* \$1.25.

A millionaire, spending the summer in the wilderness, falls in love with a beautiful girl, to the disgust of a penniless widow whose heart is set upon his fortune, and to the great anger of a mercenary man who is pursuing the girl. Micmac, a marsh abounding in dangerous spots, really plays the chief part in the story, which ends happily for every one but the mercenary lover.

Minnows and Tritons: B. A. Clark. *Dodd.* \$1.50.

The curious diversions of a family of children who base their games upon fiction and history, and have a highly amusing child of the slums among their friends, are the subject of a series of pleasant sketches.

Mona: Alice K. Hopkins. *Eastern Co.* \$1.50.

Boadicea and a few other real persons are part of a story with a Druid heroine holding opinions on women's rights and mission, and discoursing of astrology, "correspondence," palmistry, Egypt, Christianity, and a few other things, to say nothing of being acquainted with glass and paper, and wearing clothes of materials not yet invented.

Nature's Invitation: Bradford Torrey. *Houghton.* \$1.10.

Thirty papers on animals and plants, finding their subjects in New Hampshire, Florida, Texas and Arizona. They are full of humor, but always kindly, and both instructive and well adapted to stimulate curiosity as to natural objects.

Nautical Lays of a Landsman: Wallace Irwin. *Dodd.* \$1.00 *net.*

Burlesques written in the manner of Mr. Gilbert, with at least one wilful error of nomenclature in every verse. They are bound and decorated in a pseudo-nautical fashion.

Never Never Land: Wilson Barrett. *Lippincott.* \$1.50.

A very prolix story of a man who personates a dead comrade,

and claims his inheritance in order that it may not fall into the hands of the comrade's profligate widow, but may be preserved for his mother and sister. The exposure of his deceit brings about his marriage with the dead man's sister, his virtuous intentions being fully proved.

New Samaria: S. Weir Mitchell.
Lippincott. \$1.25.

A millionaire, accidentally disabled, and robbed of his last penny, spends an eventful week in a small town endeavoring to keep himself alive. He becomes liable to legal punishment for more than one crime before he can obtain a penny from home, but he returns some months later to reward the few who befriended him.

Our Friend the Dog: Maurice Maeterlinck. *Dodd.* \$1.00 net.

A pretty little essay, not figured by the author's favorite affectations, but keenly analyzing the dog's possible feelings toward man. It is illustrated with excellent pictures of the author's dog, and has decorative borders in two colors.

Paths of Judgment: Anne Douglas Sedgwick. *Century.* \$1.50.

The heroine, the daughter of a stupid but ambitious man, learned in outworn unbelief, but ignorant of the newer species, gives her heart to an agreeable, penniless youth whom a rich and unscrupulous girl desires to marry. A man who truly and nobly loves the heroine enables the poor man to marry her, and the rich girl, by assiduous effort and much manage-

ment of the weaknesses of husband, wife, and father, drives the husband to suicide.

Piney Home: George Selwyn Kimball. *Turner.* \$1.50.

The lives of a brave and energetic pair who settle in a lumbering district and in time gather all its good element about them and remove many of its faults, are the essence of this story. It is a true picture of the evolution of many American villages, and it abounds in the episodes characteristic of a region in which there is little law but public opinion.

Princess Thora: Harris Burland.
Little. \$1.50.

A rich man of science assists a mysterious stranger in equipping an armed expedition to the North Pole, for the purpose of re-instating the princess of a kingdom established nine hundred years ago by wandering Normans, and still retaining the manners and weapons of that time. The conflict between ancient and modern weapons, aided by modern science, makes an interesting romance, the Arctic conditions intensifying the effects.

Prisoner of Mademoiselle: Charles G. D. Roberts. *Page.* \$1.50.

The lieutenant of a Boston ship going to Port Royal with predatory intentions, is captured by the Governor's niece while spying out the land, but instead of delivering him to her uncle, she keeps him prisoner in her own rooms, until she can send him away in safety, and then goes with him, having been married to him by the family chaplain, who dislikes to see him hung as a spy.

Professor Lovdahl: Alexander Kielland. *Turner.* \$1.50.

A Norwegian story describing the career of a dishonest financier, an excellent man in his family. His son, an honest man, married to a greedy woman, is his chief victim, for from him he has borrowed trust funds, and thus destroyed his reputation, but nevertheless the father loves him. The story has many undercurrents of interest, and a hypocritical Protestant minister is its meanest character.

Quincunx Case: William Dent Pitman. *Turner.* \$1.50.

Intending to investigate the death of a man shot while attempting burglary, the hero plunges into the haunt of many skilful highway robbers and burglars and discovers the mainspring in an intricate system of crimes. The difficulty of penetrating the mystery is the chief element in the story, the actual crimes counting for little.

Roland of Altenburg: Edward Mott Woolley. *Stone.* \$1.50.

The prince of one of the Utopian Balkan States, while wandering about the United States, falls in love with a New York girl. Later she journeys to his country, becomes involved in serious peril, from which he rescues her, afterwards insisting upon marriage in spite of her lack of royalty.

Rome: Walter Taylor Field. *Page.* 2 vols. \$2.40.

Ancient and imperial Rome is described in the first volume and papal Rome in the second. The author plans expeditions covering

the ground very fairly and describes what may be seen, being aided by some sixty good pictures after photographs. The second volume is characterized by a queer mixture of reverence and smiling incredulity as to all miracles except those recorded in the New Testament; but the first volume is excellent.

Secret History of To-day: Allen Upward. *Putnam.* \$1.50.

A diplomatist employed by many European monarchs explains the Dreyfus affair, the destruction of the "Maine," the peace rescript of the Czar, the German Emperor's telegram to the Boer President, and the election of the present Pope, and a few other matters. He is inclined to find Germany beneath all the mysteries of the world, and his ideas as to Cardinals are absurd, but some of his stories are cleverly planned.

Shelburne Essays: Paul Elmer More. *Putnam.* \$1.50.

Papers giving independent views on literary topics and a good criticism of Emerson in his relation to the average man. The papers take their name from the place in which the author secluded himself for a time, to live Thoreau's life.

Songs from a Northern Garden: Bliss Carman. *Page.* \$1.00.

The fourth volume of the "Pipes of Pan" series. Some of the poems are ballads, some describe nature, but the best are those in which he attacks scepticism, not always with Christian weapons but always skilfully.

**Susan Clegg and her Friend
Mrs. Lathrop:** Anne Warner.

Susan, an almost incredibly selfish woman, discourses in correct Yankee dialect, relating her petty adventures and repeating town gossip. She is absolutely unconscious of any opposition to her amazing schemes for her own pleasure, and thus becomes an amusing object.

Sweet Peggy: Linnie S. Harris.
Little. \$1.50.

Peggy sings, but when a summer boarder attempts to discover the owner of the beautiful voice which he has heard, she misleads him and he is not enlightened until he has learned to love her. It is a pretty bit of comedy, with one pathetic episode, and it ends happily.

Traffics and Discoveries: Rudyard Kipling. *Doubleday.*
\$1.50.

Nine stories, some of them discoursing of rebellious Boers in terms painfully harsh to the countrymen of the clergyman who denounced American rebels in "The

Man without a Country;" some rehearsing delightfully of absurd adventures; one indicating certain army reforms; one tale of curious coincidences, and two visionary stories, both curious, both carefully written with no wasted word.

Trail to Boyland: Wilbur D. Nesbit. *Bobbs.* \$1.00.

Verses patriotic, manly, comic and pathetic, always technically correct, and often reaching the height of genuine poetry.

Trixy: Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. *Houghton.* \$1.50.

A study of a surgeon who, desiring to abandon his profession at the first sight of an experiment upon a living creature is compelled to resume his studies and allows them to make him morbidly fond of such experiments. He and a clever lawyer are the suitors of a girl whose pet dogs are stolen and bought by the authorities of the medical school, and the fate of both men is decided by these incidents. The book is an appeal to sentimentalism and naught else, containing no arguments.

Juvenile.

Boy Captive of Old Deerfield: Mary P. Wells Smith. *Little.*
\$1.25.

The true story of Stephen Williams, captured by the Indians in 1704. Puritan customs and feelings are sympathetically described, Indian ways are explained, and specimens of picture writing given.

Child at Play: Clara Murray.
Little.

A course of elementary lessons in reading illustrated with

many pictures by Mr. Herman Heyer, printed in color and grey washes. It is intended for home use. [Four to five years.]

Flower Princess: Abbie Farwell Brown. *Houghton.* \$1.00.

A flower story, a Christmas story, a mermaid story and an extravagant tale of a miller and his ten sons, called the Ten Blowers, because with their breath they could move the sails of the mill. [Five to eight.]

Hermit of the Culebra Mountains: Everett McNeil. *Dutton.* \$1.50.

The "hermit" has a tree dwelling of two stories in a far Western forest, and occupies himself in perfecting his electric rifle. His son coming from the East and needing an ally against hostile Indians comes straight to that tree. His father is fatally wounded in the ensuing fight, but bequeaths a wonderful gold mine and a peck of gems to the boy.

His Majesty's Sloop Diamond Rock: H. S. Huntington. *Houghton.* \$1.50.

The midshipman hero and the old sailor who teaches him are the only fictitious personages in an admirably written story of the capture, defence, and surrender of the "sloop," and of Bettsworth's swift voyage to London with Nelson's despatches announcing Villeneuve's coming. [Ten to fifteen.]

Jack Tenfield's Star: Martha James. *Lee.* \$1.25.

A story of a boy who finding himself left penniless helps himself by many kinds of hard work, but at last perceives the importance of making all his efforts in one direction. [Ten to twelve.]

Jason's Quest: D. O. S. Lowell. *Lee.* \$1.00.

The story of the Argo related in modern English, well illustrated and having a valuable series of literary references in an appendix. [Nine to twelve.]

Kristy's Queer Christmas: Olive Thorne Miller. *Houghton.* \$1.25.

Fifteen Christmas stories, the first serving to unite the others. All are very pretty and the book has excellent pictures. [Eight to twelve.]

Lady Spider: Harriet A. Cheever. *Estes.* \$0.50.

An autobiography of a spider who understands human motives and human speech, quotes Scripture, and has some historical knowledge. She lives in a king's palace and aids the princess to marry the right prince.

Lass of Dorchester: Anne M. Barnes. *Lee.* \$1.25.

A sequel to "Betty Bleid," describing an Indian rising in Carolina in 1702, and including the heroine's successful effort to aid her father in business troubles. [Eight to twelve.]

Little Colonel in Arizona: Anne Fellows Johnston. *Page.* \$1.50.

A brother and sister tenderly devoted to their mother, a boy unhappily left to his own devices, and a romantic but discreet girl are the chief characters in a pleasant, wholesome story. [Ten to thirteen.]

Lou: Harriet A. Cheever. *Estes.* \$1.25.

The heroine runs away from an orphan asylum and after a series of impossible adventures is adopted by an amiable sea captain who marries the mother whom she had supposed to be dead. [Seven to nine.]

Loyalty Island: Marion W. Wildman. *Page.* \$0.50.

Four children have some droll adventures when left by their parents to take care of themselves, but are kind and gentle to one another, even when very uncomfortable. [Six to eight.]

Making of Meenie: Edith L. Gilbert. *Lee.* \$1.00.

A wayward but faithful nursery maid and a kind young girl who attempts to instruct and polish her are the chief characters in a fanciful but innocent story. [Eight to twelve.]

Mysterious Beacon Light: George E. Walsh. *Little.* \$1.25.

Three boys sail to Labrador on a vessel owned and commanded by the father of the fourth, who serves as mate. They have wonderful adventures in the ice, break up a nest of wreckers, and recover a vessel of the captain's long lost in the ice. [Nine to twelve.]

Nathalie's Sister: Anna Chapin Ray. *Little.* \$1.25.

This, the last of the "Teddy" books, shows the progress of a selfish and thoughtless girl toward kind and wise womanhood, and describes the antics of a staghound puppy. [Nine to fourteen.]

Old Hendrik's Tales: C. E. Vaughan. *Longmans.* \$1.50.

South African animal fables, related in English with taal and Hottentot corruptions; curious and amusing in substance, but

likely to increase a child's stock of undesirable phrases. [Eight to any age.]

Our Little Cousin Series. Our Little Irish Cousin; Our Little German Cousin: Mary Hazelton Wade. *Page.* \$0.60.

The Irish Cousin is poor, but hospitable, generous, pious, fond of poetry, and learning; Cromwell's cruelty and O'Connell's patriotism are described with fervor. The German Cousin lives in the Black Forest, and fairy tales, music, and devotion to the Emperor are the author's chief topics. [Six to eight.]

Phyllis' Field Friends; Tree Stories: Lenore E. Mulets. *Page.* \$1.00.

Descriptions, stories, legends, and myths about fourteen species of trees, and detailed descriptions of each tree and its natural place of growth, make up the book, which has six excellent illustrations printed in black and green, with decorated borders. [Six to twelve.]

Randy's Good Times: Amy Brooks. *Lee.* \$1.25.

A simply related story of a good and wise young girl, respectful and obedient to her elders, and in no wise spoiled by having received a good education. [Ten to fourteen.]

Rider of the Black Horse: Everett L. Tomlinson. *Houghton.* \$1.50.

One of Washington's couriers is the hero, and during the summer of 1777 he manages to involve

himself in a series of adventures with robbers besides those which come to him in the course of his duty. The story includes a good account of the season's campaign. [Ten to fourteen.]

Stepping-Stones of American History: Reuben G. Thwaites, Henry Cabot Lodge, John D. Long, William Elliot Griffis, and ten others. *Wilde*. \$2.25.

These fourteen essays are well described by the title. They have been carefully written to fulfil a definite plan and they are illustrated with excellent colored pictures by Mr. Frank O. Small. All the writers are practised historians. [Ten to any age.]

Story of Rolf and the Viking's Bow: Allen French. *Little*. \$1.25.

The Icelandic myth of Grettir the Strong, and of Snorri the Priest are part of the material of an excellent story written in simple, beautiful English. [Ten to any age.]

Third Century of Charades: William Bellamy. *Houghton*. \$0.85 net.

The difficulty of these charades is enhanced by pun, and their solution is sometimes genuine mental exercise. [Twelve to any age.]

War Chiefs: Frederick A. Ober. *Dutton*. \$1.50.

An account of the Carrib Indians and their relations with the Spaniards, displaying much animosity toward Columbus, and including a very slight story. [Ten to fifteen.]

Well in the Wood: Bert Leston Taylor. *Bobbs*. \$1.00.

An imitation of "Alice in Wonderland," probably unconscious and very amusing. It is delightfully illustrated by Miss Fannie Y. Cory. [Six to ten.]

When the King Came: George Hodges. *Houghton*. \$1.25.

A simple account of the life of our Lord, written with reverence, but including certain references implying beliefs not held by the Church.

Literary Chat.

The Protestant Press has widely and favorably commented upon a General Convention to be held in New York during November of 1905, at which the various denominations are to confer, through delegates, for the purpose of uniting on some common basis of religious doctrine and church government. Different bodies of Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and others have signified their allegiance, but the Episcopal Church at its Convention in Boston refused to take official cognizance of the suggestion. This may be a good omen. Large numbers among the clergy and communicants of the Episcopal Church have come to realize the inconsistency of the so-called "reformed" or "protestant" principle which has produced endless sects and reduced the teaching of Christ to a code of merely natural ethics such as any

Pagan might have defended without appeal to the Gospel. These Christians long for union with the old Church whose head is the recognized successor of St. Peter as Vicar of Jesus Christ. It is not improbable that, while the Convocation of protesting Christians meets at New York, the Catholic Bishops of the world will be preparing for a journey to the centre of Christendom, Rome, there to reassemble in Vatican Council, in answer to the call from their chief, Pius X, who proposes to restore all things in Christ. Thirty-five years have passed since Pius IX convoked the twentieth (Ecumenical or General Council. After four sessions during eight months, December 8, 1869, to October 20, 1870, the assembly was prorogued owing to the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, which called many of the Bishops to their homes. Will not its expected reunion in these times serve as a signal to the many troubled and sincere souls outside the fold of Christ in whose name they were baptized, to seek rest and healing from dissension in the shadow of St. Peter?

The Abbé Chollet has published an interesting and highly instructive volume on the psychology of the Holy Souls (*La Psychologie du Purgatoire*). It is one of a series of similar works in which the author analyzes the condition of the soul from the subjective and objective points of view. These views are necessarily limited when we attempt to obtain an insight into the activity of creatures outside the domain of our planet or of our own physical sense. But the learned abbé of the Lille University has succeeded wonderfully well in making deductions from what we know to that which we may legitimately suppose to go on in the soul-life of our departed brethren, as well as in that of the angelic spirits, or even the unfortunate souls in hell. He shows that the activities of our soul are permanent, but vary with the variation of the organs which serve them as expression. In purgatory the acts of the soul are those of faith or knowledge, of love or the will, of expiation or suffering; these are closely interwoven and reciprocal, as when thought or reflection causes pain, whilst the pain in turn begets new thoughts of God's justice and mercy. There are at once joy and suffering in the same act, joy begotten by hope and the sense of reparation, suffering by the regret and the pain of misused opportunities and injured gifts of God. There is an interchange of thought and merit between souls on earth and those in purgatory, based upon a likeness of common nature. It is altogether a beautiful and even fascinating study which enables us to understand better the soul life in general, not merely as a matter of philosophy, but from the ascetical and mystical standpoint which engages the attention of so many at the present time who desire to penetrate into the secrets of the spiritual world.

Thomas of Celano, one of the first disciples of St. Francis, and author of the *Dies Irae*, wrote a life of the Seraphic Saint, and two hymns which were to be chanted in the office of his festival (October 4th), for St. Francis was dead only four years when he was canonized. The first of these sequences is found in several editions of the Paris Missal of the sixteenth century; the other was printed from an old manuscript by the Bollandists in 1768. The versification, with its quaint rhyming, is the same as that of the *Dies Irae*, and might tempt the translators to essay an English version, albeit the old hymn for the dead will ever remain the unequalled masterpiece of the humble Franciscan Friar.

The American Journal of Semitic Languages and Literature, formerly published under the title *Hebraica*, brings an account of the recent find of a statue at Bismya, the ancient Udnun, a Babylonian city mentioned in the Code of Hammurabi, which is supposed to be the oldest piece of sculpture representing the human form thus far known. It bears an inscription on its right upper arm, which reads, *Esar* (temple), *Lugal* (King) *Daddu*, *Lugal Udnunki*, in hieroglyphic characters. The name Daddu is supposed to be identical with David, as in the Phœnician dialect; but nothing is known of such a king of Babylonia at the time indicated by the discovery, or of the city, the ruins of which lie far below those of Naram Sin's time, and thus suggest an age of something like 4000 B. C., according to the approved chronology which places Sargon, the father of Naram Sin, at about 3750 B. C. Another interesting paper is by Mr. Breasted, of the Chicago University, who, in describing the geographical list of Sheshonk I, found on the outer wall of the great Karnak temple (Portico of the Bubastides), brings to light the fact that it contains the first-known mention of Abraham, the Hebrew patriarch. The list is a record, written about 925 B. C. The editor, Professor William Harper, continues his study of Hosea from 7: 8 to 14: 10. The subscription price of the Quarterly has been raised to \$4.00 a year.

The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, held at Boston during the past month, has refused to sanction the adoption in its church services of the Revised Version of the English Bible, and holds its ministers, for the present, to the old English Version of 1611. The decision has been criticized by other Protestant denominations as unprogressive and absurd. We do not share this view. In the first place it is already clear that the late revision of the King James Bible will need another revision very soon, in view of the recent textual criticism bearing upon the originals and their history. The reformers of the liturgy of the Episcopal Church, which rests largely in the common use of Scriptural forms, must therefore have regard to the possibility of a fresh change in a few years, which means an alteration of the Book of Common Prayer as well as of the Bible. Thus Protestants who have said the "Our Father" as in the old Bibles, and have taught the same to their children, find now from the Revised Version that they learnt it a little bit wrong; and the adoption of the new version would be an open confession in their churches to that effect. After three hundred years they find that they have to come back to the old Catholic version, with its simple and crude English, but its true substance of the original Word of God. And so they are wise enough to wait a little before they trust even the new translators who have brought back in so many instances the old Catholic Rheims and Douay version as the more accurate.

Miss Katherine Conway's *Family Sitting-Room Series* deserves the decided commendation of all who are interested in Catholic education and particularly the education of our young women. The last volume (fifth), entitled *The Christian Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate*, which appeared in parts in the *Pilot* (Boston), is now in press (Thomas Flynn & Co., Boston). The series makes a neat and useful gift for Christmas.

We should be grateful to any of our readers who would inform us regarding the publication of English versions of the *Dies Irae* since 1890. The subject is

being treated exhaustively in a series of articles now appearing in *THE DOLPHIN*. It would be necessary merely to indicate where and by whom a certain translation was printed.

Norman MacLeod (Edinburgh) announces a new edition of Mackenzie and Logan's *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, which contains also the lives of the Highland Bards.

Professor R. Terry, the Musical Director of Westminster Cathedral (London) where pure liturgical Church music is being carefully cultivated, has published a collection of motets in honor of the Blessed Sacrament by the old masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These motets are arranged in scores for male (men and boys) voices and include such pieces as Palestrina's *O Bone Jesu* and *Jesu Dulcis Memoria*, Allegri's *Adoremus*, Carissimi's *Ave Verum*, and other compositions of similar character by Byrd, Farrant, Phillips, Vittoria, Tallis, and Christopher Tye. (Cary & Co., London.)

The History of the "California Missions" in course of publication under the auspices of the Jesuit Fathers promises to be an interesting work for educators, inasmuch as the author, Mr. Bryan Clinch, has devoted special attention to the methods of instruction introduced by the early missionaries among the Indians for their social and moral elevation. It shows what immense services the Friars, particularly the Spanish Franciscans and Jesuits, have done in civilizing the rude races with whom they were brought into contact through their zeal for spreading the Christian religion and for the salvation of souls. The work is to be in two volumes.

Father Sheehan's most important novel, the work of which he himself says that it represents his best efforts thus far, and is therefore superior in certain respects to *My New Curate*, is the new story *Glenanaar*, beginning this month in these pages. Recently the genial pastor of Doneraile has published some smaller books, one of which, *The Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise*, we noticed in these pages a year ago. It is now reprinted by the Longmans. The other is a collection of stories, one of which (giving its title to the volume) relates the adventures of a student who missed the priestly vocation which seemed first to lead him to the seminary. There is a strange prejudice attached to the character whom the Irish people designate as "a spoiled priest," although the judgment is often at fault in such matters. The volume contains other pieces, some of which have already, we believe, appeared in different weekly papers. It is being printed by Burns & Oates (London).

One does not usually look for any specially human interest in a book on Greek composition. In Professor Spieker's recent work on this subject, however, the exercises have been so happily culled from myth and story as to arrest and hold the student's attention, even if he be not imperatively drawn to render them into Greek. But should his taste or duty lead to such rendition, he will find the needed technical helps in the notes and vocabulary. (American Book Co.).

Professor Albert Carmiencke, a director of the *International Society of Piano-forte Teachers*, writes an elaborate paper in the October issue of *The Musical Pro-*

fession (New York), the organ of the Society, in which he seeks to demonstrate that the Papal Commission upon Church music proves by the rules it lays down for the chanters, its ignorance and incapacity of forming any valid opinion on musical art. The issue of the monthly containing the article reached us too late, but we hope to pay our respects to Mr. Carmiencke in our next number. He writes in a professedly respectful tone, but with that absolute assumption of superior knowledge of the subject which inspires at once a suspicion of his utter deficiency to judge of a subject which differs as widely from the mechanical knowledge of piano-playing as the language of sacred art differs from the gossip of the concert hall.

Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND ASCETICAL.

MORAL BRIEFS. A Concise, Reasoned and Popular Exposition of Catholic Morals. By the Rev. John H. Stapleton. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 311. Price, \$1.50.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION of the Bl. Virgin Mary. By the Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL.D. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 216. Price, \$0.35.

LA PSYCHOLOGIE DU PURGATOIRE. Par l'Abbé J. A. Chollet, S.Th.D. Paris: P. Lethielleux. Pp. 215.

WELCOME! Holy Communion, Before and After. By Mother Mary Loyola. Edited by Father Thurston, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 358. Price, \$1.00.

THE ROSARY. Scenes and Thoughts, by the Rev. F. P. Garesché, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 177. Price, \$0.50.

QUESTIONS D'ÉCRITURE SAINTE. Par le Rev. Dr. Ch. P. Grannan, Prof. à l'Université Catholique de Washington. Traduit de l'Anglais par l'abbé L. Collin. Paris: P. Lethielleux. Pp. 201.

THE CATHOLIC'S MANUAL. A Prayer-Book with Instructions, Advice, and Devotions for the Catholic Laity. By Tilman Pesch, S.J. With the Imprimatur of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Freiburg. With Frontispiece. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. xxiv—709. Price, retail, \$0.90.

LITURGICAL

A SHORT AND EASY MASS ON THE THEME "VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS." No. 3. For Four Voices, with or without Organ. Composed by R. R. Terry, Musical Director, Westminster Cathedral. London: Cary & Co.; New York: J. Fischer & Brother. 1904. Price 1s. *net*.

SHORT MASS IN C. No. 4. For Voices in Unison, with Organ Accompaniment. Composed by R. R. Terry, Musical Director, Westminster Cathedral. London: Cary & Co.; New York: J. Fischer & Brother. 1904. Price, 1s. *net*.

CEREMONIAL FOR ALTAR BOYS. By the Rev. Matthew Britt, O.S.B. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Price, \$0.35.

DOWNSIDE MOTETS. A Collection of Works by Masters of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Edited by R. Terry, Musical Director, Westminster Abbey. Volume I—In Honor of the Blessed Sacrament.

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| 1. CIBAVIT ILLOS, <i>Christopher Tye.</i> | Price, Twopence. |
| 2. O SACRUM CONVIVIVM, <i>Thomas Tallis.</i> | Sixpence. |
| 3. BONE PASTOR, <i>Thomas Tallis.</i> | Twopence. |
| 4. AVE VERUM, <i>William Byrd.</i> | Fourpence. |
| 5. SACERDOTES DOMINE, <i>William Byrd.</i> | Twopence. |
| 6. O SACRUM CONVIVIVM, <i>Richard Farrant.</i> | Twopence. |
| 7. AVE VERUM, <i>Peter Phillips.</i> | Sixpence. |
| 8. AVE VERUM, <i>Carissimi.</i> | Twopence. |
| 9. ADOREMUS, <i>Allegri.</i> | Twopence. |
| 10. O SACRUM CONVIVIVM, <i>Palestrina.</i> | Twopence. |
| 11. O BONE JESU, <i>Palestrina.</i> | Twopence. |
| 12. JESU DULCIS MEMORIA, <i>Vittoria.</i> | Twopence. |

London : Cary & Co. ; New York : J. Fischer & Brother.

THE HOLY FAMILY HYMN BOOK. Words and Music. For the Use of Sunday Schools and Children's Choirs. Compiled by the Rev. Francis J. Butler, Priest of the Archdiocese of Boston. Boston : Thomas J. Flynn & Co. 1904. Pp. 115.

GUIDE TO A CATHOLIC CHURCH FOR NON-CATHOLIC VISITORS. By W. L. Fox. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged by the Very Rev. R. A. O'Gorman, O.S.A. London : R. & T. Washbourne ; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago : Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 106. Price, \$0.40.

CATECHETICS. By the Rev. Michael F. Glancey. (No. 8 of *Educational Briefs.*) October, 1904. Issued quarterly by the Philadelphia Diocesan School Board. Pp. 28.

PRAYER-BOOK FOR RELIGIOUS. A Complete Manual of Prayers and Devotions for the use of the Members of all Religious Communities. A Practical Guide to the Particular Examen and to the Methods of Meditation. By the Rev. F. X. Lasance. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago : Benziger Brothers. 1904. Price, \$1.50 net.

PHILOSOPHY.

AT THE DEATHBED OF DARWINISM. A Series of Papers by E. Dennert, Ph.D.; Authorized Translation by E. V. O'Harra and John H. Peschges. Burlington, Ia. : German Literary Board. 1904. Pp. 146. Price, \$0.75.

IDEALS OF SCIENCE AND FAITH. Essays by Various Authors. Edited by the Rev. J. E. Hand, Editor of *Good Citizenship.* New York : Longmans, Green & Co.; London : George Allen. 1904. Pp. xix—333. Price, \$1.60 net.

HEREAFTER, or the Future Life According to Science and Faith. By the Rev. J. Laxenaire, D.D., President of the Theological Seminary of Sainte Die. Adapted from the French by the Rev. J. M. Leleu. St. Louis, Mo. : B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 104. Price, \$0.30 net.

SOCIALISM. Its Theoretical Basis and Practical Application. By the Rev. Victor Cathrein, S.J. Authorized translation of the Eighth German Edition. With Special Reference to the Condition of Socialism in the United States. Revised and enlarged. By the Rev. Victor F. Gettelmann, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago : Benziger Brothers. 1904. Price, \$1.50 net.

HISTORY.

A SCHOOL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Harmon B. Niver, A.B., Teacher in the New York Schools. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago : American Book Company. Pp. 406—xvi.

TENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF PARISH SCHOOLS of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia for the year ending June 30, 1904. Philadelphia: Published by the Diocesan School Board. 1904. Pp. 125.

SAINT EGWIN AND HIS ABBEY OF EVESHAM. By the Benedictines of Stanbrook. Illustrated. Stanbrook Abbey, Worcester. London: Burns & Oates; Washbourne Art and Book Co. 1904. Pp. 184. Price, \$1.25.

FETICHISM IN WEST AFRICA. Forty Years' Observation of Native Customs and Superstitions. By the Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, M.D., S.T.D., for Forty Years a Missionary in the Gabun District of Kongo-Française. With Twelve Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904. Pp. xix—389. Price, \$2.50 net.

AUBREY DE VERE. A Memoir. Based on His Unpublished Diaries and Correspondence. By Wilfrid Ward, author of *W. G. Ward and the Oxford Movement*, *The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*, etc. With Two Photogravure Portraits and Other Illustrations. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Pp. xiii—428. Price, \$4.60 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED PARADISE. A Drama of Modern Life. By the Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D., author of *Luke Delmege*, *My New Curate*, etc. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Pp. v—168. Price, \$1.00 net.

AMERICAN SHORT STORIES. Selected and Edited with an Introductory Essay on the Short Story by Charles Sears Baldwin, A.M., Ph.D., Assistant Professor in Yale University. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Pp. xii—332. Price, \$1.40 net.

THE WAY THAT LED BEYOND. By J. Harrison, author of *Kind Hearts and Coronets*. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 222. Price, \$1.25.

SONGS OF THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. With Illustrations by Albert Dürer. Nelson, N. H.: The Monadnock Press. 1904. Pp. 81. Price, \$0.50.

THE BROWN FAIRY BOOK. Edited by Andrew Lang. With Eight Colored Plates and Numerous Illustrations by H. J. Ford. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Pp. xii—350. Price, \$1.60 net; by mail, \$1.75.

A COMPREHENSIVE CATALOGUE OF CATHOLIC BOOKS. In the English and German Languages. With an Introductory Letter of Right Rev. Charles H. Colton, D.D., Bishop of Buffalo, N. Y. Buffalo: The Buffalo Volksfreund Press. 1904. Pp. 103.

AMERICAN LITERARY CRITICISM. Selected and Edited with an Introductory Essay by William Morton Payne, LL.D., Associate Editor of *The Dial*. New York, London and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Price, \$1.40 net.

CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. 79. Price, \$0.25.

LITTLE FOLKS' ANNUAL for 1905. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. 96. Price, \$0.10.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ADELAIDE PROCTER. With Notes and Questions. Chicago: Ainsworth & Co. 1904. Pp. 38. Price, \$0.10.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ELEANOR C. DONNELLY. With Notes and Questions. Chicago: Ainsworth & Co. 1904. Pp. 47. Price, \$0.10.

